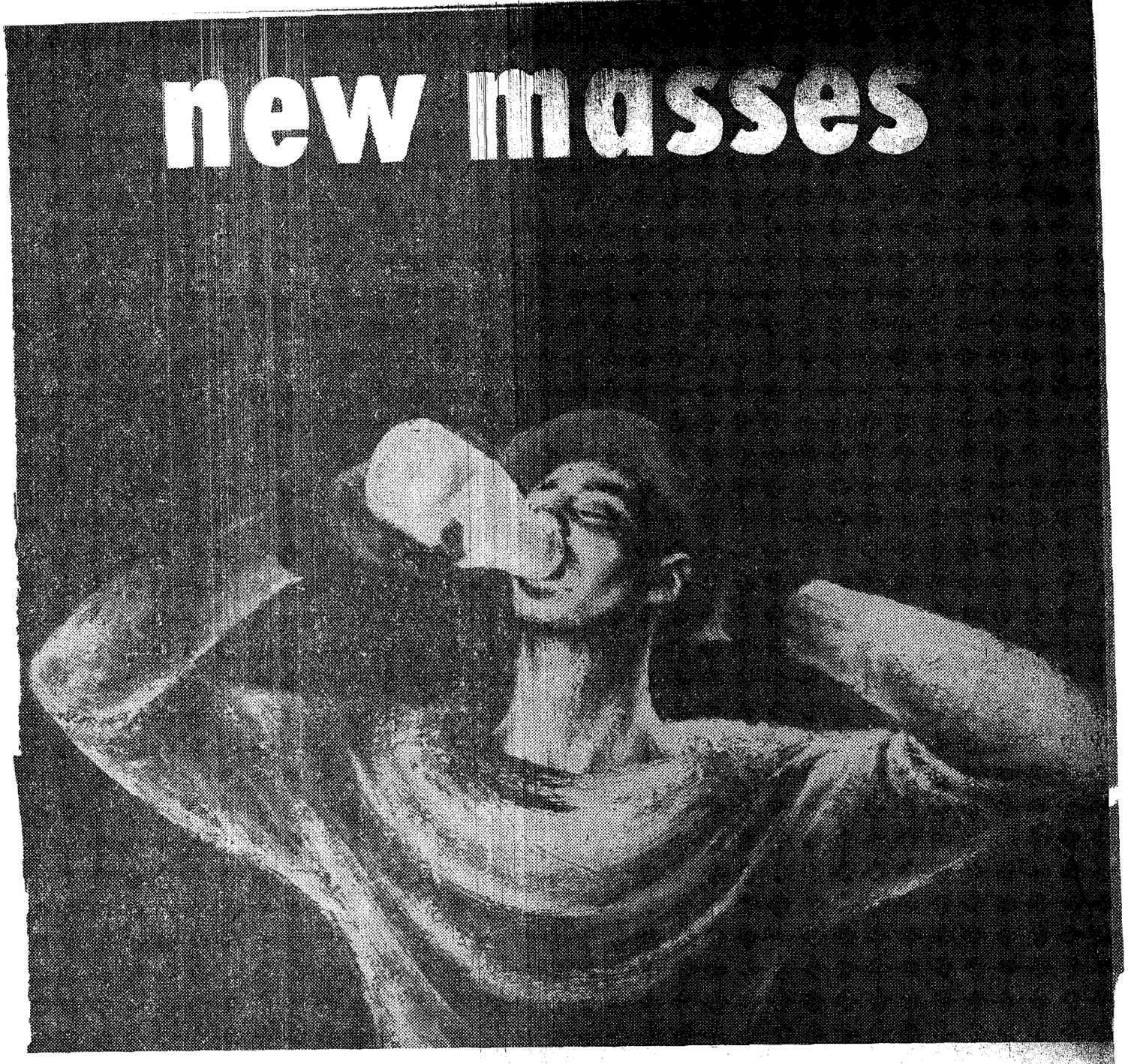
new masses



KISS THE BOYS GOODBY

CLARE BOOTHE LUCE IS INTERVIEWED BY VIRGINIA GARDNER

MAN, TANK AND WRITER

MILLEN BRAND ON LEONID LEONOV'S "CHARIOT OF WRATH"

AUGUST 27, 1946 • VOL. LX, No. 9 • 15¢; IN CANADA 20¢

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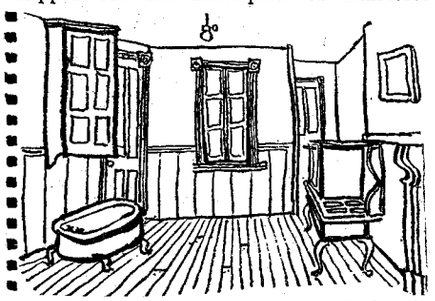
just a minute

A COUPLE of issues ago we were talking about our anonymous critic in Washington, D.C., who sent us in collections of clippings of "spot" drawings from our pages with a complaint that they sinned against the principle that art is a weapon. Well, it seems that we do have to be more careful about the subject matter of these little decorations. For example, here is one reason:

"L.K.," a newly reconverted civilian, clipped out this masterpiece in miniature



Stefanelli.

which appeared in a recent issue and sent it to us with a frantic plea: "Is this room for rent? If so, wire terms at once. It is just what Claire (my wife-to-be) and I have been looking for!" We pass the message along to Stefanelli & Co., Architects and Designers of Pictorial Apartments (Sorry, No Vacancies) Inc.

IN RESPONSE to our request for readers' comments on two new departments which we introduced in our August 13 number Edward J. Cunningham, New York, had his hand up first so he can have the floor:

"I liked 'The Clearing House'—the brief notes, odds and ends, stray but meaningful bits of information are invaluable. By all means continue it as a regular feature—a much needed addition. 'Portside Patter' depends on Bill Richards. His first contribution gets a passing mark. He shouldn't listen to me, but I do advise him to steer clear of the corn (the one about Coffee and grounds!) and gags *a la* Hope ('May is back and Garsson's got him')—although I must say that the crack is a good one."

In an extension of his remarks Brother Cunningham went on to praise the entire issue of that week. Blitzstein's diary: "wonderfully good," Stuart's answer to Schlesinger: "excellent." We have received many favorable comments on that issue and the enthusiasm aroused by "A Musician's War Diary," which concludes this week, has been unanimous. Included has been praise for the swell illustration job done by artist Jack Levine.

REMEMBER back in June we told you about the fun we had at a NEW MASSES weekend and that we would have another one before the season is over? So we did and so we are. This one will be at Chesters' Zunbarg, Woodbourne, N. Y., Sept. 6, 7, 8. There'll be tennis, swimming, boating, handball, riding, NM speakers and gin rummy. For details as to how and how much, turn to page 31.

THE Army's Medical Corps used to sponsor lectures (you *will* attend) to prepare us how to keep alive in the tropics. True, you were most likely to be sent to the Aleutians immediately thereafter (we were sent to fight the battle of Smoky Hill in Kansas!) but if you kept awake there was usually something of interest to be learned. One day we had a slide presentation of umpteen varieties of deadly tropical germs and the kid next to us remarked that he'd never dreamed there could be that many different kinds of bugs in the world. We thought about that remark when we saw the manuscript of Dyson Carter's article which will appear next week. The noted Canadian scientist-author ("Why I Joined the Communists," NM, May 21) says that "the atom bomb is a merciful weapon, of limited killing power, compared to the arms of biological warfare." And he tells you all about the new bugs they're working on.

PETER AYRE, whose notable review of Alexei Tolstoy's *Road to Calvary* appeared recently in NM, is writing an article for us on H. G. Wells, who died last week. It will be published in our next issue.

L. L. B.

new masses

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KISS THE BOYS GOODBY

Our Washington editor asks some pointed questions of Rep. Clare Boothe Luce, darling of the House Republicans and queen of a publishing empire.

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

Washington.

I CAN'T be sure, but I thought I detected a certain coolness toward me on the part of Rep. Clare Boothe Luce. I had asked for a farewell interview before she sped back to Connecticut and a possible campaign as the GOP Senatorial candidate. It was her last day; she was leaving a few days before Congress adjourned.

Most Congressmen were jovial as they said farewell. Even Rep. Karl Mundt, the indefatigable Red-baiter on the Un-American Activities Committee, who was returning to the plains of South Dakota, grew virtually mellow as he said, "Goodby, Virginia, have a pleasant summer." And Mrs. Luce, a short time after our interview ended, could be seen coming down the aisle of the House, smiling and shaking hands with various aged Republicans, in turn arch, demure or simply sunny, but always with a smile on her celebrated face.

The more I think of it, however, the more certain I am that Mrs. Luce and I ended on a note of coldness, almost hostility on her part. When she spoke of "your friends in China" and "the friends of the Kremlin in this country" her lip curled over her pearly little teeth and she seemed pretty personal about it all.

But that is one thing about Mrs. Luce, in contrast to the bland Rep. Mundt, and the chief difference between them, perhaps. Whether it is Mikhailovitch she is sobbing about in by-line stories for the Hearst press, or the Soviet Union she is accusing of anti-Semitism, or whether she is touched by the plight of the poor fascists in Germany, she is very personal about it. Rep. Mundt is just as fantastic as she is on many occasions, but it is just a routine performance with him. With her, it is always a case for histrionics.

I had last interviewed Mrs. Luce before the election of 1944, when she had assured me that some of her best friends were Communists. She had been quite cozy with me on other matters, too—such as male chauvinism and the trials of being a woman in Congress, and our mutual problem of how to look young after forty.

At that time, however, she was running for reelection against Margaret Conners, who had considerable CIO support. Mrs. Luce was painstakingly a liberal and insisted her voting record proved it. She was anti-Soviet when I saw her two years ago, but she balanced her phrases. For every time she called Stalin "a bloody dictator" she said Russia was "a great and splendid country." But this time I had to write furiously, so unrestrainedly did the venom flow from her small, dainty mouth.

I leaned against a marble balustrade as I wrote. Mrs. Luce didn't lean. Attired in a handkerchief linen blouse of periwinkle blue and a dark suit of some lightweight material, her hair a soft golden halo around her face, she stood erect, her famous carriage unaffected by Washington heat. Occasionally the swinging door leading into the House, which was visible from where we stood just outside the press reception room, would open and a Congressman emerge. If he continued past us, invariably, flabby-fat or skinny, ruddy or pale, his face would light up as he nodded to Mrs. Luce. A young man sidled up behind me and as we started talking, asked her tremulously if she

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would see him after our interview. She said she would.

ASKED what she thought would be the big issues in the Congressional campaigns, Mrs. Luce put "labor relations" first. But her definition seemed fitted to the GOP solons' taste. She put labor in one category and the American people in another—as if they were separate and even opposed entities. By labor relations, she said, she meant "the relations of the American people to unions and vice versa." Someone, she said, would have to bear the responsibility if in the autumn there is no price control and there are widespread strikes.

She thought domestic issues more important in the campaigns than foreign policy "which isn't an issue between Congressmen because we have considerable unity on foreign policy." Mrs. Luce thus pretended with Sec. Byrnes that all is unity, ignoring what she chose to ignore, including the position of six progressive Congressmen who last November 26 introduced identical resolutions calling for the immediate withdrawal of all troops, transports and supplies from China and urging that the US use every effort to bring together the opposing parties there in a coalition government.

Reps. Hugh DeLacy and Ellis Patterson again urged passage of the resolution July 26, and cited the vast amount of equipment and transporting of armies and aid to Chiang we have provided right up to the present.

"Then I take it you are pleased with our foreign policy since you speak of unity?" I asked her. It would be difficult to see what *Time-Life* wants if it is not our present foreign policy, but from Mrs. Luce's ensuing remarks, apparently nothing short of a world without the Soviet Union and without the Communists in China would be really pleasing. Any intermediary steps then are bound to be unsatisfactory.

"I am pleased at the unity, at the agreement between Vandenberg and Jimmy Byrnes." But not with the policy, I asked? "What makes a policy pleasing," she said with care, "is what makes it successful. If we avert war it is, of course, successful." She was almost coy.

"Well, if you think it is successful, then I assume you don't agree with Bill Bullitt and *Time-Life* in their call for war?" I asked.

Up to this time all had been at least polite between us. But now Mrs. Luce retorted:

"That, of course, is a deliberate lie. You cannot find any call for war in *Time* magazine."

All I know, of course, about the *Time-Life* magazines is what I read in the *Time-Life* magazines—and their editorials they reprint in full-page advertisements, as *Life* did in leading newspapers May 27 and June 3. One was entitled "Why Kid Around? There is no *misunderstanding* between Russia and the West. There is a *conflict*." The other demanded to know "What is Russia up to, anyway?" The May 27 ad declares, "There is neither real peace nor the prospect of it. It is time to face the truth." And *Life* takes to task the New York *Times*, though admitting in a charming bit of understatement that the *Times* "has on the whole been very conscientious in reporting bad news about Russia." Just the same, *Life* asks sternly, how can the *Times* and the "great, sensible majority" of newspapers and magazines make the mistake of talking about "misunderstanding?" Then *Life* explains the "sappy" ways of the majority. "We," it says, meaning "they," "just don't want to believe that we cannot reach a fair, decent agreement with the Russians. . . ." I suppose that it is just that Mrs. Luce, like *Life*, is a perfectionist, and that the New York *Times*' anti-Sovietism and the Byrnes-Vandenberg anti-Sovietism lack something, compared to her own.

Sen. Rankest says:

"Mrs. Rankest is visiting her mother—I'm doing my own washing this week."

"I AM NOT going to comment on Mr. Bullitt's book, because I haven't read it," she said.

"You speak of the difficulties of attaining peace, Mrs. Luce. Would you say whether you believe that bombing the Soviet Union is a way out?"

"You ask me do I believe in bombing the Soviet Union as a way out. Now what a question for an intelligent woman like yourself to ask," she lectured me. "Obviously war is not a way out. It is an illogical question. You can't prevent a war by waging one."

"That's all I wanted to know," I said. "You wouldn't comment on Mr. Bullitt's book, so I thought I'd ask you

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what you thought of its content."

When I had interviewed Mrs. Luce in 1944, I asked her about the Bullitt article *Life* had published, purporting to be a dispatch from Italy. At least it bore an Italian, not a German, dateline. This article by the former ambassador to France and intimate of the men of Vichy and Munich glibly slandered the Soviet Union in the name of Italian opinion. At the time Mrs. Luce told me, "I would have preferred it if Bill had presented these arguments as his own and not as the Italians'." But she had nothing to say about the arguments. And now she had nothing to say about Bullitt.

"You spoke of protecting American interests at home in the interest of peace, Mrs. Luce," I asked now. "Do you mean the living standards of the people? Halting inflation, and so on?"

"I don't think domestic decisions have any relation to our having a war with Russia or not having one," she said, a little crossly. "I doubt," she said bitterly, "that this country will go to war with Russia if our living standards fall—or for any reason short of attack."

"And what do you think is the outlook for the Paris conference?"

"Gloomy," she said. Her periwinkle blue eyes flashed and her face became more animated as her words became more acid. "You can't keep a peace that is not a just peace. You can't keep a peace by force—whether it is by American or Russian or any other kind of force."

"Then you do not approve of our using force in China?" I asked.

"I didn't say—"

"But you alluded to 'American or Russian' force, and whether you meant China—"

"To begin with," she said, "it's practically nonexistent there, it's hardly any force." This was a few days before Maj. Gen. Keller E. Rockey, commander of the US Marines in China, told the Associated Press that some strengthening and reinforcing of the Marines was taking place, contrary to reports they were being withdrawn.

"Would you comment on whether you approve of our keeping troops—"

"I haven't the slightest doubt," she said, "that if American troops are pulled out in the next few months—as they probably will be, as our policy seems to be to appease the Communists—that there will be war. I think my views on Communism are well enough known that I needn't tell you I would consider it a disaster if China becomes a puppet state to the Kremlin."

"And do you think this will happen, that Chiang's forces will lose, as a result of our withdrawing our troops?" I asked.

"No, not necessarily," she countered, cagily, "as there are not enough to make a difference."

"Then you don't disapprove of our withdrawing our troops?"

But this she would not say, either.

"Is it your idea that General Marshall is engaged in a plot to turn China over to the Communists?" I asked.

"No, of course not, he is doing the best he can," she said impatiently.

"Then what is wrong, is it our foreign policy?" she was asked.

"We don't have a foreign policy which is directed toward preventing the Sovietization of China," she said, but at the same time "there is no foreign policy which could be devised" to prevent it. "Oh, yes, the thought of China should give great hope to all the friends of the Kremlin here."

And when I started to ask another question, alluding to what course she would advise, she cut in to add bitterly: "You can't do business with the Communists." Other questions and answers which followed:

Q. But what would you suggest as an ideal foreign policy in China?

A. I'm not the Secretary of State.

Q. But would the foreign policy you would devise omit all consideration of the Communists in China?

A. I am not devising one.

Q. Since you say you can't do business with the Communists, would you advise us to do business with a Chinese government in which the Communists are not represented (as we are doing)?

A. You can call my office and find out what I have said on China.

Then, giving me a bright and malicious smile, she leaned over and gave me a pat on the arm. "Be of good cheer," she said to me, "your friends in China are doing dandy." And she walked away.

I heard a gasp from the young man waiting so patiently to see her. In her anger or annoyance she had forgot him.

"Oh, Mrs. Luce," I called to her retreating figure, "here's the young man to see you." She turned, and retraced her steps, coming toward him with an effulgent smile. I walked away as he murmured his gratitude.

portside patter

by BILL RICHARDS

The present vacation taken by Congress is the first in ten years that will last for more than ten weeks. The country could have fared better with ten weeks of work and a ten year vacation.

●

Bilbo has refused an offer to appear in a picture as a colleague of radio's Senator Claghorn. Evidently Bilbo isn't sure he could even act the part of a Senator.

●

The President has been making extensive use of his private plane, the Sacred Cow. Maybe the next Congress will try milking that instead of the public.

●

The British are counting on their foreign trade to bring about recovery. They could get maximum results by putting Attlee and Bevin on the export list.

●

Herbert Hoover has just returned from a world survey of famine conditions. No doubt he is now qualified to write an article for *Life* on the Soviet plan for world domination.

●

Mr. Hoover stated that the dominant note in the world today was "fear and frustration." This condition will be a lot clearer to those who recall Hoover's term as President.

●

Czechoslovakia and France may conclude another mutual assistance pact. It is assumed that Prague is willing despite the former French tendency to cash in their Czechs.

●

Mr. Truman has been honored by numerous colleges since he took office. Evidently he thinks he can become an effective President by degrees.

●

The authorities now have a list of 1,100 members of the New York Ku Klux Klan. If the Klansmen are afraid now it should be remembered that they were white as sheets before.

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THE IRAN I SAW

". . . for ten minutes I watched them fight each other for grapefruit rind, bits of bread and spoiled vegetables before the MP's came to break it up."

By ERNEST MOORER

THE other day I read about the sharp exchange of notes between the Iranian government and the British over the British concentration of troops close to Iran. Teheran charged that these forces menaced Iranian sovereignty. The troops were apparently put there because workers in the Anglo-Iranian oil fields were demanding more wages and better conditions. The British were to protect "life and property"—as the velvet phrase goes. And I also remember the arrant nonsense that came pouring out of the radio some months back when the British and the Americans in the Security Council were hammering at Gromyko over Iran. The British then were the staunch defenders of Iranian independence against you know what. Of course the workers in those British-owned oil fields knew better. To find that out all you had to do is talk to the little Arab bartender in the International Club at Khorramshar.

Now at the outset I would like to be utterly frank: my first-hand knowledge of Iran is limited to what any person with reasonably good eyes, ears, and a social sense of smell can observe between the docks at Iran's Khorramshar and the marketplace of the same city four miles away. I would like to add that I am devoutly of the opinion that, in general, people in this situation ought to keep their mouths shut. I could not be moved from this resolve even now if it were not for the fact that a great many people who should have known better were talking, and still are, such a lot of obvious nonsense about Iran. I wondered, for example, what effect it would have had on the pious accents of the radio commentators and the commercial editorialists if they had ever seen an able-bodied man try desperately, but without success, to sell himself into slavery.

DAWN mist lay over the Karun River when we docked at Khorramshar. Only the fringes of the date palm plantations showed along the river bank. The rest was lost in grayness as misty as was my knowledge of that strange land. The only certain fact I knew about modern Iran was that it was the funnel through which military supplies were being poured to the Red Army then blasting its way across eastern Germany.

Native longshoremen were already thronging the dock. They began to jump for the ship before we were secured alongside. I marveled that none of them were crushed between ship and pier. I also marveled at this feverish anxiety to begin work until I discovered that their immediate objective was not work but the ship's garbage spilling over from big cans on the after deck. For ten minutes I watched these men fight each other for grapefruit rinds, bits of bread and spoiled vegetables before the MP's came flailing their white nightsticks to break it up. This grisly scene was doubly strange because I had been told, and I later confirmed it, that the Americans were paying these men higher wages than coolies had ever earned in Iran. Before the Americans came the going wage for longshore labor had been about forty cents a day. The Americans offered sixty and in no time at all laborers from hundreds of miles around had swarmed into the port cities of Khorramshar and Bandar Shahpur. The reason, of course, was familiar: on the heels of the coolies came the grain speculators and blackmarketeers. By the time our ship got to Iran the cost of living had gone up about 700 percent and the people were eating garbage.

This was the set-up at Khorramshar: American troops and native labor handled the unloading of ships at the dock. GI's trucked the cargo to a barbed wire enclosure about two miles away called the Russian Dump. Here Soviet officers issued receipts for the shipments and arranged such matters as priorities for shipment northward and routing by rail or truck convoy. From there Americans managed and manned both forms of transport for the first leg of the trip northward. Up the line, somewhere above Teheran, the Russians took over again. In this picture the British also, if somewhat vaguely, figured. Occasional British ships brought supplies. At Abadan, a few miles away, the British operated a huge oil refinery. Since Americans, Russians and British all figured in this compact area as employers of native labor, comparison was unavoidable. For the Americans the result was not flattering. For the British it was humiliating. As for the Russians—well, I will try to tell you what I saw.

To the credit of the Americans it must be said that from the outset they showed vastly more imagination and decency in dealing with native labor than did the British. Motivated by a businesslike desire to get things moving, they did not hesitate to overturn "accepted" wage standards with higher wages. More important still, the Americans initiated a policy of hiring in the open labor market and thus short-circuited the time-honored British system of deals with native chieftains, lineal decendants of the former slave-herders. But here, unfortunately, American imagination seemed to run out. Nobody foresaw the economic consequences of inflation carried to insane heights, and nobody evidenced the slightest idea of what to do about it.

YET a couple of miles away in their zone the Russians had met and mastered this problem in the simplest possible way. They had established commissaries for their employes in which the prices of staple foods and essential clothing were pegged to wages. The result of this rather obvious solution to the problem was the greatest difference in even the physical appearance of the two sets of workers. Down on the docks they were a motley mob of half-starved, shoeless men clad in a loose-fitting single garment resembling an old-fashioned nightshirt. Around the Russian Dump they dressed in about the same kind of work clothes people wear anywhere else.

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And they all wore shoes.

By 1945 money wages were approximately the same on the docks and at the Russian dump. That is they were the same, job for job. But there was this important difference. For the coolie on the docks there was just one job: common labor or work down in the steaming holds of ships. Around the Russian dump you saw natives driving ten-wheel trucks, operating cranes and even supervising traffic control. The Russian system seemed to be aimed at getting the most out of a man that his abilities would permit and in return assuring him that his wages would cover the necessities of his life. It was a system that made sense to the Iranians.

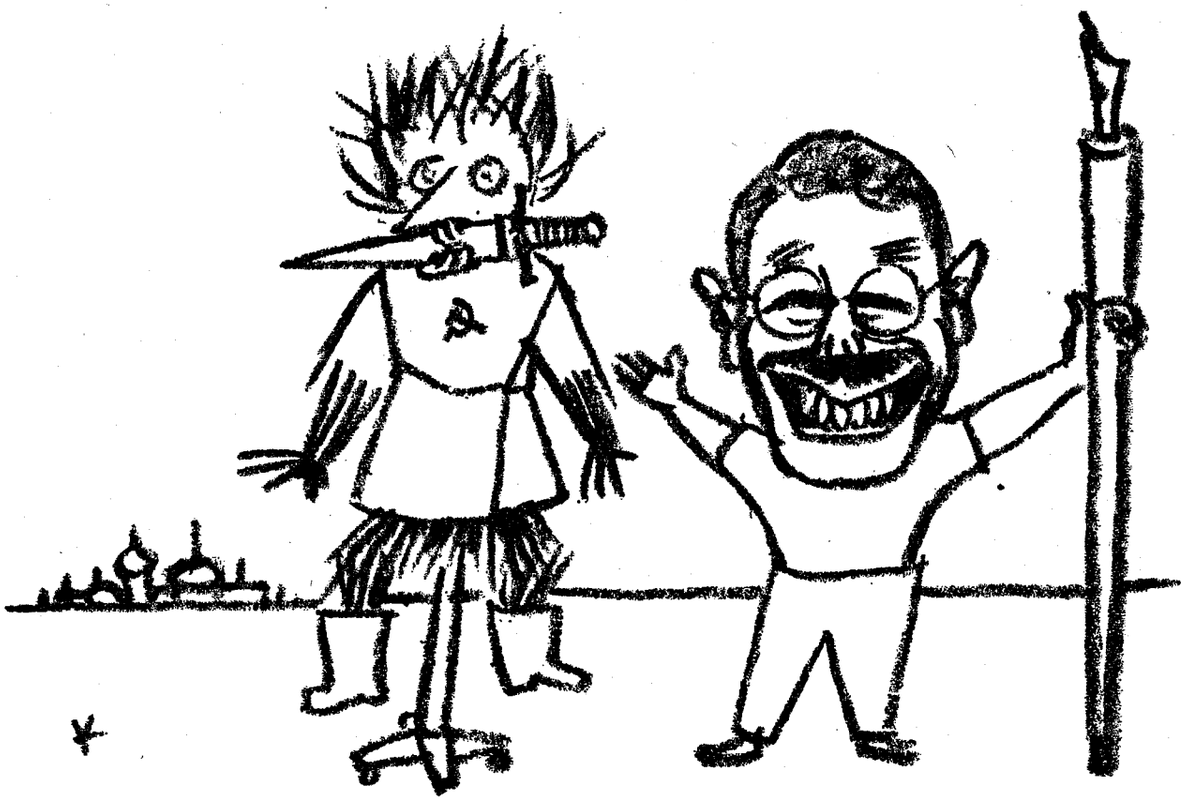
As for the British, this state of affairs seemed to produce nothing but ill-humored resentment. I talked to a British captain who told me that we Americans were "ruining things for the white man everywhere you go, no offense intended, old boy." He made a lot of the fact that our wage and hiring policies had been more than offset by inflation, a matter in which he had a deep personal interest because time was when a couple of quid would finance a weekend leave in Basra; now it took a month's pay. I asked him what he thought of the Russian system. "All for propaganda," he said airily, "people starving at home and there they go spending good rubles to feed Persians. Anything for propaganda."

Fortunately for the British and the Americans too, the Russians were doing little hiring. Their employment needs had been stabilized for several months. As it was, on days when the Americans were hiring all hell broke loose at the British installations in the stampede to get in the American employment queue. I was told that any number of agreements of convenience between the Americans and the British on this subject had been knocked into a cocked hat by rumors that jobs were to be had on the American docks.

God only knows what has happened to the thousands of people who poured into Khorramshar to work on the docks now that the Americans and Russians are gone. The British, of course, are doing business as usual at the oil refinery. Even at the peak of shipping operations at Khorramshar there was a good deal of unemployment, because thousands more coolies than were needed had flocked into the port.

I remember witnessing the unsuccessful attempt of one coolie to solve this problem. The scene was the kind that would be described by a travel magazine as "colorful." Two desert sheiks were in town for the day. They were walking together down the city's principal street. They were elderly men of great dignity, garbed in splendid robes and wearing ceremonial headropes. Each was followed by a retinue of half a dozen men and a few women. I remember one strikingly handsome young man who carried a hooded falcon on his wrist. The procession was greeted with great deference by the crowds along the street. Suddenly, I saw a coolie dart from the crowd. He ran crouching beside one of the sheiks and I could see that he was talking. In a moment the old man dismissed him with a wave of the hand. A little farther down the street another coolie darted out and the whole procedure was repeated. I asked an old Greek merchant what it meant. "They are trying to sell themselves into slavery," he said. "You can see it almost any day in the week. If a sheik will have them they are at least sure of food and clothes, which makes it better than working on the docks. The trouble is the sheiks have more slaves than they need."

That was over a year ago and a lot has happened since then. I may be wrong, but I have the feeling that behind the clouds of words being thrown up about Iran is the simple fact that its people are seeking a better solution to their problem than slavery.



Brooks Atkinson: eyewitness

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MIGRAINE IN PARIS

An editorial by JOHN STUART

MR. BYRNES in Paris reminds me of the man who was afflicted with severe headaches. After finding no relief in nostrums, he went off to the doctor. The doctor looked down his throat and surveyed his nose; he thumped him, listened to his heart. "Bill," said the doctor, "I can't find a thing wrong with you. According to all the books you shouldn't have any headaches at all. But tell me, Bill, do you smoke?" "No, doc, I don't." "Do you read too much?" "No." "Do you carouse and get to bed too late?" "Never!" "Well, Bill," said the doctor, "the trouble with you is that your halo sits too tightly on your head."

Mr. Byrnes' halo is something to write about. I don't know where it was made but I have a fair idea of what went into its making. It is self-righteousness welded to an enormous ego in turn welded to a self-imposed martyrdom that would transform the world into the image of South Carolina. This halo is also deftly embroidered with mist and fog and the deadly, dangerous thing about it is that it beclouds the eyes of too many Americans. The halo is certain to give them more headaches than they already have.

It is bad enough when Byrnes tries to reduce the making of peace to a matter of accountancy where figures are juggled and a deceptive balance struck. Still worse, because it is a mark of irresponsibility, is Byrnes' effort to paint the Soviets as anti-democratic when they insisted on a two-thirds vote as against a simple majority. In anybody's reckoning a two-thirds vote is a more definitive and real majority than a decision reached by a narrower margin—especially when that margin is used to thwart the unanimity of the leading powers. In the long run unanimity will determine the durability of the peace settlements just as it determined the victory without which there could be no settlements.

This is a matter Pres. Roosevelt knew well and the essence of his negotiations with other powers during the war was to find an increasingly larger area of agreement while simultaneously reducing the area of disagreement. When other states at the moment did not see eye to eye with him he did not pull votes out of his back pocket in order to impose unilateral decisions. His was a principled approach to outstanding issues. And there was realistic democracy in it because its fundamental assumption was that all the leading allies were equal, including the Soviet Union. On no other foundation could a coalition be forged.

Mr. Byrnes operates on assumptions far different. One assumption, perhaps pivotal, is that the Soviet government is a transient phenomenon without roots in the Soviet peoples or without sufficient unity to support that government in the conduct of its foreign affairs. As I see it there can be no other explanation than this to account for Byrnes' challenge that the Soviet press publish his attack on Molotov and the Soviet delegation. Mr. Byrnes apparently thought that just one huff and puff would be sufficient to blow away socialism and its foreign policy and "liberate" the Soviet peoples into the Anglo-American block. If only the Russians could read the "truth" as uttered by Byrnes, then goodby Mr. Molotov.

Well, the Soviet people have read that "truth" and Molotov is still their foreign minister. But we must ask ourselves what kind of foreign policy is it that will permit the Secretary of State not only to reverse on Monday what he had agreed to on Saturday (the discussion on Italy, for example), but to imply that he alone is the crusader for truth and honor. It is an arrogance which rests on a sense of superiority over others. It is the same arrogance which only recently caused rivers of blood to flow before it could be stopped. It is an arrogance that collides with the principle of equality because rampant imperialism cannot abide such equality. In Paris, Byrnes, of course, talks of "economic equality," farcical as the phrase sounds coming from him. There is little equality when you hold most of the financial chips and others must come hat in hand for help. This equality has the same twist Rankin gives the word liberty.

And let it be said that this arrogance is not devised solely for use against Russia. It is being used by the State Department wherever there is no bending of the knee before its exclusive and special conceptions of what truth and honor are or what constitutes progress. Poland, a few months ago, felt blasts of cold air from Washington when it refused to make history march backward in return for an American loan. Can anyone wonder, then, why the states in Eastern Europe look to the Soviet Union when all it asks of them is that they not repeat the tragic errors of the past, that they rid themselves of fascism and what makes for fascism?

MR. BYRNES' admirers remain his admirers but he is winning few new ones. I sometimes wonder, however, what would happen to his admirers among everyday working people if they knew the truth, the whole truth—if they could tour Europe and meet people like themselves who would ask them: Why is it so expensive to get on with Washington? Why are American warships being sent into European waters? Why is your government investing so much money in accumulating stockpiles of war material? Why doesn't the American government publicly and officially protest the brutal treatment of Jews by Bevin and Attlee? Why do you play with Nazis in Germany when your boys were murdered by them? And why all this roaring against the Russians who at the very least are making sure that there will never be Nazis around to torment us?

These are questions which Mr. Byrnes will not answer for Americans unless it is the kind of answer his deputy, Acting Secretary Acheson, gave the other day in response to questions about the Palestinian crisis. The Palestinian situation, he said, was too explosive for public discussion. It's the smell of oil which makes the errand boys of imperialism suddenly silent when at the drop of a hat or a snap of a finger they will launch into a diatribe against the USSR.

Nor will the entire answer to these questions be found in the daily newspapers. Business is the business of newspapers and truth only if it is not too discomforting to the amassing of profit. When the group of Americans serving as jurors in the trial of a Soviet naval officer fraudulently indicted for espionage was not permitted to read the papers and was given the truth, the Russian was acquitted. When Americans are not befuddled by scareheads about "Soviet plots," honesty and decency prevail.

Unless it is lifted quickly, the halo which sits on Mr. Byrnes' head may become a noose for Americans. There is no such thing as a peace based on warlike policies.

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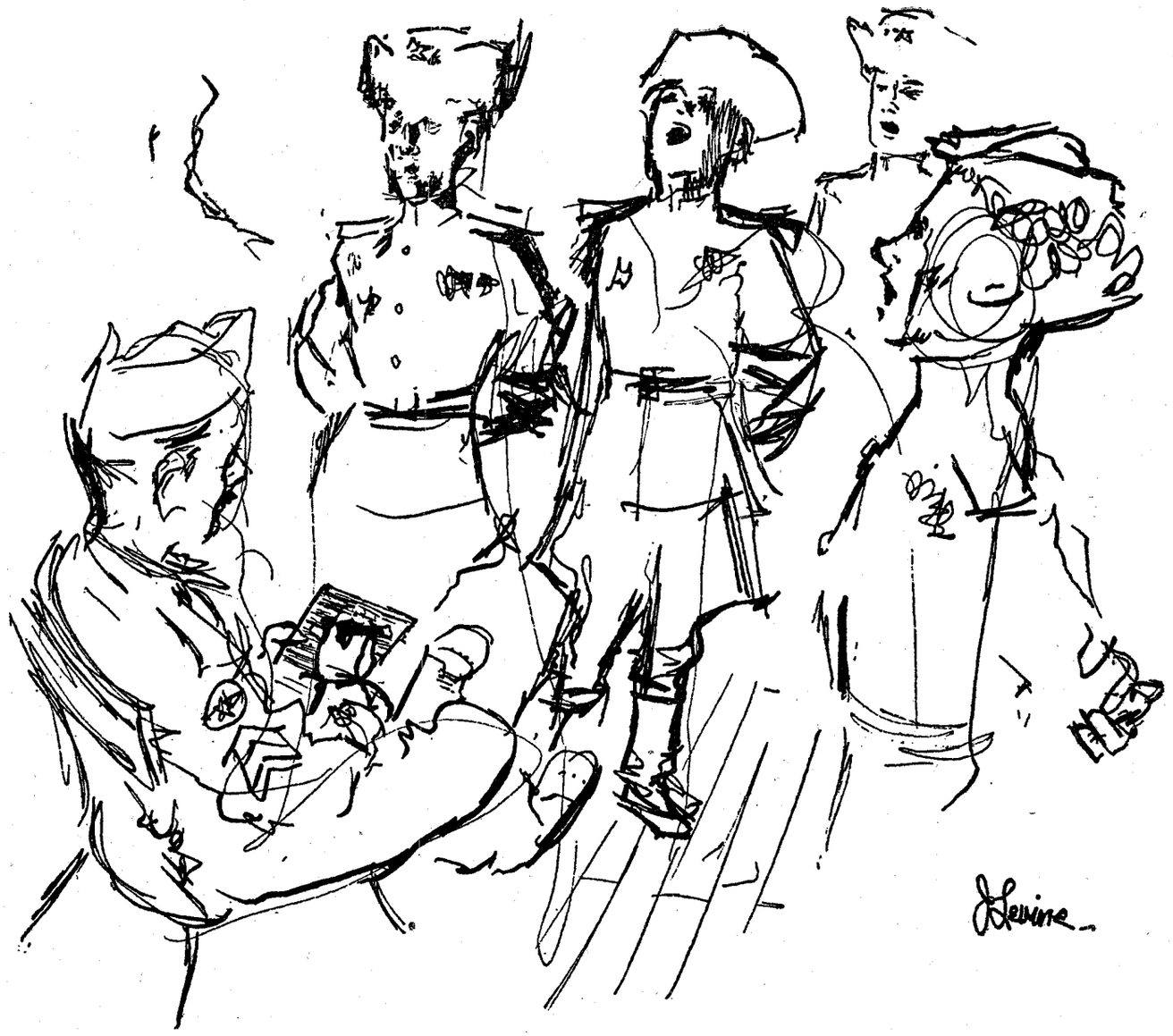

A MUSICIAN'S WAR DIARY

The author's musical war mission takes him to Lyons, Alsace, Normandy, Savoie. "It is gay, we are winning; it is terrible, our kids are dying."

By MARC BLITZSTEIN

Illustrated by Jack Levine.

This is the third and concluding article in this series. The preceding installments were published August 13 and 20. Last week Mr. Blitzstein told of his assignment to France following the invasion to record the music of the Resistance together with Claude Dauphin, captain in the Free French army.

November 8, 1944:

CLAUDE and I are off. Our first trip is to be the Haute-Savoie where the Maquis did such swell and heart-breaking work, staving off the Germans until we arrived. Claude knows the country like the back of his hand and is a superb driver to boot, so I turn over our jeep to him. A French captain and an American sergeant, travelling under SHAEF orders "throughout northwestern Europe" and able to commandeer rations, quarters, supplies and fuel from any Allied installation; quite a feeling, in the midst of the war. (The armies of Patton and Bradley have reached Metz and Nancy, on the east border of France.) We are on our way to the Swiss border at Annemasse, where Claude has made a rendezvous, by courier, with Jacques Feyder, the French ace director, who will smuggle some Maquis footage over to us (he has stayed in Switzerland with his cameraman for that purpose). Almost the moment we leave Paris, it becomes apparent that for the first time in history Paris no longer represents France. Whereas in the big town everyone was circumspect, frightened, or downright hostile, here in the countryside we meet the real Resistance—now open, clear

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and vigorous. These people know who are the Allies, who the enemies. In Annemasse, for example, we meet the town printer, one Grandchamps—obviously wealthy, with an estate, cars, etc., and a chalet up in the hills. He has been printing Underground songs until the Allies came in, and kept a group of Maquisards installed in his chalet; sending up secretly, eggs, a cow, gasoline, for their use. He shrugs his shoulders when I comment on the risk: "*Fichtre, alors, on est Francais.*" (Hell, either you're a Frenchman or you're not.) . . . Grandchamps' radio tells us FDR has been reelected! We drink a toast with rich white Savoie wine. We get Feyder's film, and move down the border towards Grenoble.

Here we find the unusual installation of some 300 Soviet soldiers, escaped prisoners of the Nazis in Germany who fled through Switzerland into France. They are all housed in something called the Caserne Hoche. The young Soviet captain speaks no French; on learning of my mission, through an interpreter, he says yes, they may sing their songs for us, but not here, in the office. We are ordered into a lieutenant's bedroom, where I am treated to a session of wonderful, spontaneous *a cappella* singing. Outside, Claude objects to their "militaristic" manner; I point out that they are in a friendly but quite unproved and strange country. I also remind him of their searching intelligence; they are the only ones who wanted to know how the songs would be used, and in what light the Soviets would be shown. How long ago was it the USSR was vilified generally in the English, French, American press? I think June 22, 1941, marks the date.

November 10:

WE COME into Lyons. The bridges are all blown up, save one, which is forbidden to pedestrians. Crowds stand on one side, begging us and other military cars to take them across. We take two Air Force gunners, playing safe. Dinner at an incredible little restaurant, a hole-in-the-wall, called "Mal Assis" (Lousy Seating)—one big family-table for all the assorted clients. *And* the decorations! All trophies, and all obscene, as I am carefully shown as soon as Claude is recognized (he turns out to be the Clark Gable of this country). Enter, after a few moments, Pierre Brasseur, the actor, and his "*troupe de FFI*" — itinerant players now, doing a sort of French Living-Newspaper called "*Galilea,*" all about de Gaulle and democracy. He is a wonderful raconteur, falls maudlinly into Claude's arms, has his boys sing me a couple of songs from the show (good, too). We make a date for tomorrow's lunch, again at the Mal Assis. The lunch is very dramatic. Brasseur comes in, swathed in bandages, bleeding, his nose broken, having drunk enough to forget the pain, and then some. An escaped member of the *Milice* (Vichy militia) found out where he was staying, climbed up to the terrace of his hotel room and beat him with a club for his valiant work for the Resistance. The Mal Assis is in an uproar; why wait for the Americans or the newly-established French government to catch the bastard? They are beginning to form a plan, when word comes the man has been trapped and caught. . . . I go see Commandant Calloud, head of the FFI here. This one is a real martinet, who orders his corps-franc chorus up from their dinner, to sing for me at their places. I take down the stuff; he beams, clicks his heels, presses champagne on me with utter musical-comedy Ruritanian solemnity (me, a sergeant). Claude and I start back to Paris for supplies and to plan the second leg of our trip.

November 14:

THIS time we are bound for the front itself—Alsace. Claude will meet his brother Jean Nohain (known to all France as Jaboune, radio story-teller to children, a sort of French Uncle Don). He commands five tanks, named after the parks of Paris; they are attached to LeClerc's division (which entered France with the invasion on D-Day). We travel via Verdun, Nancy; and discover that the French First Army (to which LeClerc now belongs) is at Brouville, a tiny town near Baccarat, taken just yesterday. The roads are strewn with dead horses and cows, burned-out tanks, jeeps, German command-cars; snow is lightly falling; signs have been rudely posted: "mines cleared," "mines cleared only twenty feet!" "three feet," "only road and shoulders cleared!" I remember poor Dave Lardner, who got blown up last week on what he thought was a "cleared" road. Finally we reach Brouville; a village, but where is it? Only smoking ruins, bombed-out stables, muddy-swept paths that were once roads. We find the tanks (Jean Marais, the Don Jose of Cocteau's *Carmen,* is here, an enlisted private; the blond god, doling out gas to jeeps!); there are shouts of welcome. Claude embraces his brother; a cannonade of firing jets across the wood, and we scurry into the wreck of a barn to eat and talk. And what eats, and what talk! The kids are delicious, both boastful and modest; most of their uniforms are GI, with colorful additions. More cannon-shots, and I move cautiously away from the cracked window beside me (London blitz training) to arched eyebrows from the rest. Claude's nephew Dominic, nineteen, is the darling of the lot. I ask him how he got his Legion d'Honneur. He tells me he was fixing a tire on his jeep, and a forgotten German walked up and stood beside him, patiently, with his arms folded over his head. Dominic didn't see him at first, then noticed the boots, and glanced upward until he caught the German's face, gave a yell and leaped backward in fright—"And that's how I got the medal." I give the boys Camels and Chesterfields, the one thing they lack; each in turn gives me something: a button, or a lump of sugar, with the tasty and familiar "Sweeten it with Domino" printed on the paper cover.

Only the cognac I find undrinkable; luckily, the guys like it fine, because it opens their throats and shyness and they sing like devils for me, their most cherished song, "*Ami, Entends-tu,*" written by Anna Marly in London and beamed by ABSIE and BBC over to them! We leave for Luxueuil, to pick up sound-track and footage left by Claude's engineers. Climbing the Vosges mountains toward dusk; real bedded snow now. . . . Three more channels to songs: (1) Jean-Pierre Aumont, Hollywood French actor, and a good friend of Claude's, invites us to Melisey, where he is aide-de-camp to General Brosset of the 1st French Army, and has his boys sing for me; (2) Germaine Sablon, sister of Jean Sablon, and as good a singer, is in the neighborhood as a hospital-nurse, and does some numbers (one funny, bawdy one); and (3) a Hungarian member of the Foreign Legion, in the town of Lure, has us into his kitchen, where he apparently keeps three French girls, and sings what turn out to be his bugle-solos. I take it all down; it is night, and the black sky is lit up with cannon flashes and gunfire.

November 22:

THE third and last leg of the tour, this time to Normandy, to live with the civilians in Caen. The town is more spectacularly ruined than any I've seen. Henriette Henry, whom we

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visit, lives in a two-floor cave; but nevertheless, with no running water, manages to cook us one of those terrific French meals, with snails as a middle course (we are only eighteen miles from the Channel). She is known all over Normandy as Marraine (godmother), and led the Underground Resistance, taking down code messages from the BBC, and our own ABSIE; messages such as "Olivier calls for his mother, black please," or "Pierre has received his baby-ribbon waste-basket; thanks, but include horseshoes next time." She is fiery, young, sculptural, like Passionaria, but non-political. She tells me her group consisted of everything from Croix-de-Feu Cagoulards to Communists, as well as rescued Allied fliers. She told them all, "There will be no political discussion among us, we must have an entente cordiale, for France." Then she giggles and says, "And do you know what? Only the Communists agreed, but on the condition that we knew it was *they* who were giving the entente cordiale." It obviously seems to her childish. I say, "But Marraine, they were right. They wanted to have their identity made clear among you; they would pool their efforts, but not their existence."

Her husband, a jovial cabinetmaker, became a tombstone engraver during the Nazi occupation. When we are mystified at this, he says simply, "It paid off double. One of our boys would knock off a Nazi officer, then the Germans would pay me to set up his grave." The two of them take us to the coast, where we see the scene of that agonizing D-Day at Omaha and Utah beaches. The mayor of Courseulles receives us. An old man, wearing the inevitable beret, did a noble job, while keeping his mayoralty. On the morning of D-Day, he heard the noise, and at dawn he went up on his roof; he tells us (tears fill his eyes), "You could not see the Channel for ships!" After the excitement had gone inland a couple of miles, he wandered down to the shore, to help the wounded, and discovered a map of the section, floating in the water. He picked it up (again the tears): "The map was made six months ago, in England; here was my very house, the house next door, even the design on the cobbler's shop across the street. The accuracy!" They tell us a lot of Normandy was corrupted, like Paris, the Nazis here subsidizing agriculture and the making of Calvados (the regional brandy); but still there is in each town the family whose house acted as the center of the Underground; they sing songs, (again Anna Marly!); they trot them out proudly, not knowing where they heard them first. . . . I am staggered at how little this part was fortified, after all the vaunting; "Atlantic Wall" my foot. The Nazis depended on the steep declivity that lines the Channel at this point. How our boys ever got over it is sheer mystery; they must have climbed on their guts.

December, 1944:

BACK in London, which seems so humdrum after the pulse of really being in the war. I do my stint at composing for the *True Glory* film; I go twice weekly to Pinewood, to see takes with Carol Reed and Gar Kanin; I even do one piece of narration for the film, on the subject of the kids sitting around at the ports, waiting for the fateful order to embark on the invasion. It is gay, we are winning; it is terrible, our kids are dying. And with stentorian regular beat, the stupid reactionary voices of our Senators and Representatives and bigwigs at home come wafting over to us; have they *any* conception of what this war is about?

April, 1945:

ROOSEVELT is dead! An English worker stops me on the street, because of my uniform. He uncovers his head, puts his cap to his breast, says, "Gord bless 'im, 'e was a great man." I am embarrassed again and again by passersby on the street, wanting to tell me their own sense of loss, until I see a little GI corporal taking it: he treats the tragedy as though the dead man were in his family; he just says "thank you." From then on I do it too, am no longer embarrassed.

May:

BAD news from home, my father is dying. Can I get leave to see him before he goes? Everybody here wants to help, to fly me home in time. No soap. I sit and sweat out a boat-trip at a replacement depot, when word comes my father has died. Goodbye, Sam; you did a job for us all, you brought up a generation of youngsters to a sense of the future. I rebelled as your own son, until it suddenly occurred to me how right you were. I, who went to war, and about whom you spent sleepless nights wondering and worrying: I, it turns out, lost you.

June:

HOME, separation from the Army. I am a civilian.

"Escape Mechanisms," or How to Amuse Yourself on Twenty Bucks per Week

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NOBODY EVER DIES

Sidney had been killed in Spain—before fighting the fascists became patriotic. "But shouldn't he have waited until now?" his father asked.

A Short Story by PRUDENCIO DE PEREDA

Illustrated by Stefanelli

I DIDN'T remember the number, but I remembered the house—I'd been there enough in the old days! It was a two-story brick building on one of those rare treed streets in the Flatbush section of Brooklyn, and, in those old days, we'd had to take the "L" and a trolley; but today there was an Independent subway station right near, and I walked over in two to three minutes.

I almost missed the street because it looked so bare without leaves on the trees, and I did walk a few doors past. Then I saw the cafeteria where we'd always had coffee and pie. That made everything definite and I went back and recognized the street.

His father came down to open the door. He reached out his hand to draw me in and pumped my shoulder, and was laughing and very happy to see me. Sid's mother was standing on the landing upstairs, looking to see who it was and then watching me. She didn't say a word when she saw me, but I could see her face draw up tight.

I know the old man saw it too, but he still held my hand and drew me very slowly up to the stairs. I said, "Hello, Mrs. Markowitz!" up to her, and then went up the first step. When she started to cry, with her hands clenched, and still looking down at me, I felt the old man's hand tighten on my shoulder—but he still pushed me forward. I leaned back against the wall.

Mrs. Markowitz cried hard for what seemed minutes. Then she pushed her clenched hands out at me and turned around and went inside. She slammed the door hard and we could hear her sobs even after the door's slam had died away.

—by Royden.

When the old man pushed me very gently but firmly again, I turned to him. "Understand her," he said. (Not 'Forgive her,' or 'Don't mind her.') "Understand her, Allee. It's very hard for her. Still very hard." Her only son, Sid, had been killed in Spain. Sid was my best friend and his mother always claimed that I had influenced him into going to Spain—which I had.

"Do you think I ought to go up?"

"We'll sit in the front room." He made that impatient gesture with his head which I'd always remembered. "Should you go up? You ask that!"

He pushed me a little more firmly and we started up the carpeted steps. At the top we turned back along the hall to the front living room. Everything was neat and clean, and I could hear her sobbing all along the way.

Mr. Markowitz didn't say a word until we were inside the room and he had closed the door. Then the first good feeling of downstairs seemed to come back to him and he pressed my shoulders as he took off my overcoat and kept up a stream of talk and comment about how well I looked in my uniform, what a fine uniform it was, where were my stripes, and what outfit was I in?

"I'm in the infantry," I said. "You don't get stripes in the infantry."

"The infantry!" He grinned broadly and chucked my chin. He was holding my coat on his arm and standing in front of me. "Sidney would be so proud—so proud. The intellectual in the infantry!" Sidney had been six-foot tall and 190 pounds. He had always made fun of my 'lean, intellectual look,' but he had wanted to be a writer himself, too. "He would, too, be proud of you, Allee," Mr. Markowitz said quietly. Then, "Sit down. Sit down," he said.

While he draped my coat carefully on the sofa, he kept up his questioning: Where was it at? Why hadn't I come to see them before?

"Well, I didn't like to come before. I know how she feels—but this is my last time in."

"You're going over?" he said. He'd turned around and was sitting in the chair opposite me now. "You're going overseas?"

"It's about time. I've been in for almost two years now."

"But you were at. . . . I heard you were at school, Allee—Intelligence?"

"That didn't last very long," I said. "They need infantry more than ever now."

He nodded—a little sadly, and leaned back in the chair opposite me.

"I don't mind it," I said quickly. "I really want to get over." This was true. "This is the hard way," I grinned, "but at least it's a definite way, and you can do a lot as an infantry guy."

"Now Sidney is talking again." The old man smiled as the good feeling came back. "Sidney and Allee!"

MY COMBAT boots caught his eye as he kept smiling and looking me over. "Those boots—just like a paratrooper's, yes?"

"No. Just combat boots! They're better than leggings—we're all getting them."

"It's a wonderful uniform, Allee. Even without the stripes it looks so new and yet so useful."

"I think I've just about gotten it broken in."

"Allee!" He was a thin, wiry little man with a kind, noble face who'd worked at the furrier's trade for forty years. My proper name, Alonso, had always been difficult for him to pronounce—he'd jumped at this nickname from the very start. Now he was leaning forward and the smile had gone from his face almost apologetically—as if he were going to say something I might not like. "Allee, I know you understand what I mean," he said, "but wouldn't it have been more—better—for Sidney to wait until now and then go with you to fight the fascists. With the wonderful equipment you have! With all your friends. Wait, and not go with a gun alone—not a good gun, even!" He brushed his hand

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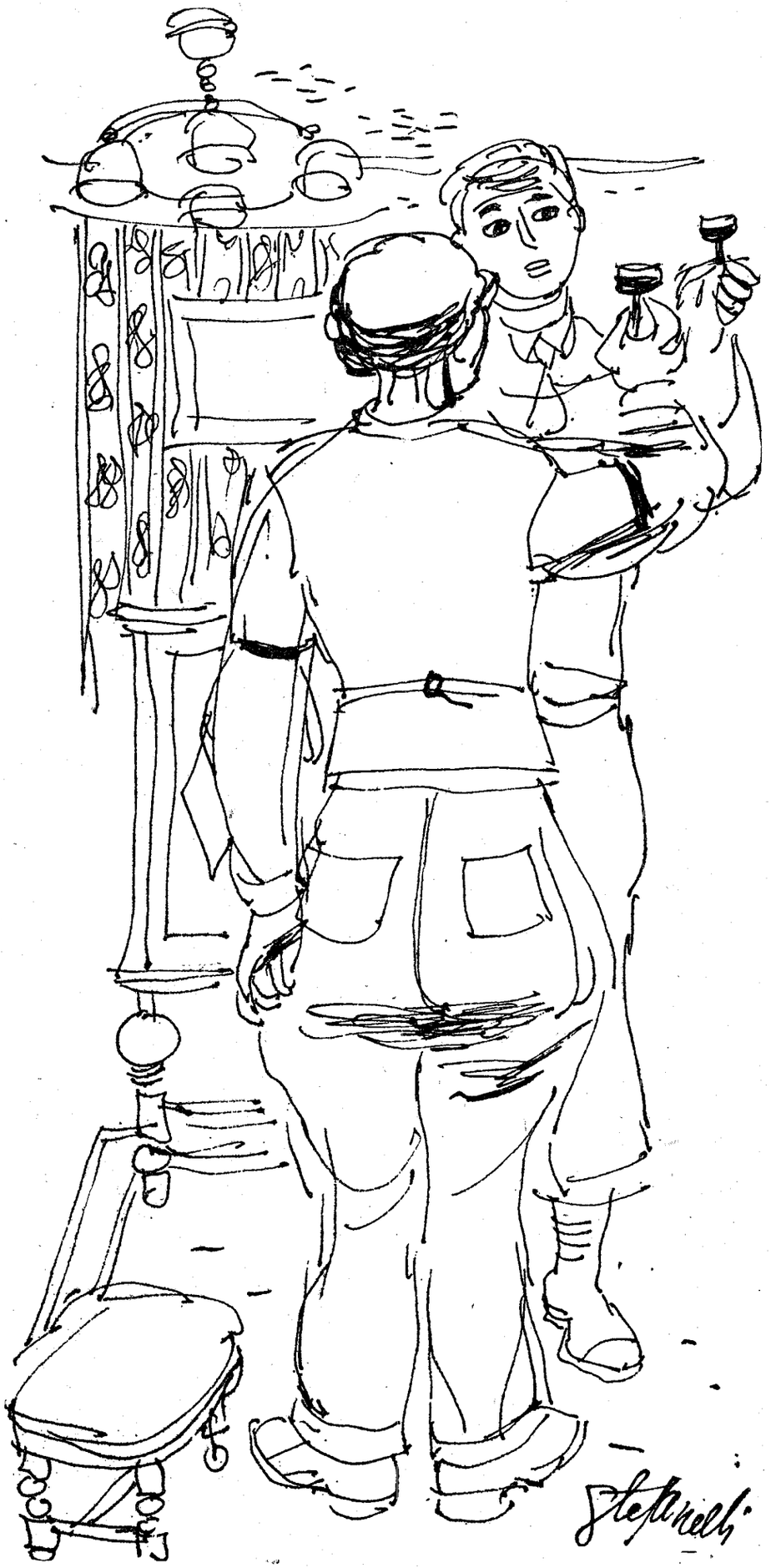

apologetically. "You understand me, Allee?"

"I understand. . . . Sidney had to go, Mr. Markowitz. I wish I could have gone with him." I felt sure of that these days. "I wanted to go, then. You remember?"

"Yes, Allee. I remember. I don't mean that you—you are like my son, Allee. Sidney was your friend, You are *my* friend. But wouldn't it have been better to wait and get ready, and fight them with everything? We can beat them everywhere now." He stopped and leaned more forward to watch my face, with his own face showing that worried, apprehensive look. "Mommer—even Mommer—would not have minded that too much! Her boy would have a chance then."

"He had a chance—I mean, for awhile they all had a wonderful chance there. But then it fell through! They couldn't help that." I didn't want to make a speech. I took it very slowly. "We can get killed now. Lot of guys got killed in Belgium last week. And we can still lose this war. This is the kind of war you can lose at any time. People didn't know it when Sidney was fighting in Spain."

"Sidney was wasted—wasted then, eh?"

I looked at him suddenly. He seemed to want to smile for a minute, but then shook his shoulders in the old gesture. "No, it's not Mommer talking—not yet, anyway," he said. "We are so alone here, and I miss Sidney so. Forget that I said that," he said. "Forget that I said that last thing, Allee."

He shook himself a little and smiled at me.

"Just one thing, Mr. Markowitz."

"Yes, Allee."

"If you still want to talk about it?"

"Please! I said something I should not have said—now you can say something you will take back. I'm only fooling, of course," he said, smiling and reaching over to pat my knee. "Go ahead and say this thing."

"It's about this difference between Sidney and me. You mustn't think it's an easy job being in the Army now that everybody's your pal and every guy is a rip-roaring anti-fascist. It's not so. Most of the guys are in because they were drafted, and most of them are fighting to get it over with."

"No," he said.

"No, it's true," I said. "The guys just want to get home and get back to peace—the wife, the home, the baby

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and the job. You still have to have other guys to spark them!"

"I THINK I'm one of those guys," I said, beginning to feel my face growing red with what I was saying and what I knew I was going to say. "And that's only because of Sidney!" I looked at him. "I could have stayed out of the Army—I was 4F twice, and the third time the doctor at the Induction Center asked me point blank whether I wanted to get in or not. I said that I did, and he said Okay, and that's how I got in. I . . ."

"I know all this, Allee." He bent forward towards me suddenly. "I know how you would be. I was very surprised when you got in. Please believe me that I didn't mean . . ." His face looked truly pained as he bent towards me. When I did not say anything for a moment, he put his hands together eagerly and said, "Go on, Allee. Say the rest."

"I know I'm only a little piece of Sidney"—he made the impatient gesture again—"but I stuck to it mainly because of Sid. I think I could have done a lot of work here at home but I wanted to get into the actual fighting, in the infantry. That's the truest part of it! I figure I had to do it now, because I should have done it with Sid—you see, he wasn't wasted in that sense."

"Wasted! That was such a bad word of mine," the old man said, "for such a wonderful boy like that."

"I never think of him as dead, much less wasted."

"He is dead, Allee. We will never see him again."

"We can think of him. If they leave something to think about, they can't be all dead."

"Nobody ever dies! Like your friend Hemingway's story."

"You read it?" I said.

He smiled and made the broad gesture again. "From you and Sidney I learned some things. I read everything about Spain and by this man Hemingway you like so much."

"Well!" I said. "That's good. That's damned good." I grinned at him and hoped that he would keep on this high note. "Do you read much, Mr. Markowitz?" I asked.

"Only such things. They keep Sidney with me for moments."

"Yes."

"As you do," he said. He looked at me for a moment, sat up suddenly and then stood up. "We must have some wine," he said. "The kind you like, Allee."

"Well, look. I . . ."

He patted my shoulder again. "No no's!" he said. "No no's. You wait here." He pressed my shoulder, and went into the back rooms. When he opened the door I heard no sound, but then when he came back with the wine and crackers on a tray, it looked to me as if his eyes were red.

I rubbed my hands at the sight of the old container and the cookies, but tried not to say anything so that he would not have to speak. He bent deep over the tray as he poured the wine.

When he came up with my glass, filled with the light red sweet wine whose taste I remembered so well, his face was smiling and quiet again. We did not say anything until he held his glass ready. Then we touched them. "To the old days," Mr. Markowitz said, "that this reminds me of so much!"

"To Sid!" I said.

"To our Sidney!" We drank.

We had some cookies, and then another glass of wine. I heard Mrs. Markowitz moving around in the next room while I was drinking the second glass.

Then when I had my overcoat on and was walking out into the hall, she came out of the room—as if on a timed signal. Her face was bright from washing and held straight, but it was not the stiffness of before. As Mr. Markowitz looked hopefully at her, she even made a slight smile show on her lips.

"Very good luck to you, Allee!" she said.

Her voice was tight and strained, and her hands were held clenched. "May you come back soon!"

Mr. Markowitz patted her arm and smiled at her.

"And may you have many sons!" she said. She reached out her hand suddenly and I took it. She pulled it away quickly before I could press it, and then turned suddenly and went inside. Mr. Markowitz patted my arm and we started out and down the stairs.

We said goodby at the door. "Write to us, Allee," he said. "Write for Sidney. You go together!"

WHEN I was outside, I stood at the corner where Sidney and I had talked so often on summer nights. I felt that I had done the last thing to be done on this side.

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AMERICAN ATROCITY

An editorial by CHARLES HUMBOLDT

It is summertime on Fifth Avenue. The lady has closed her town house and stored away the mink wrap worn in cold weather by her darling, Runnybrook Champion III. Dark wool yields to brilliant linens. She laughs easily on lawns looking toward the sea.

Midtown society has flown, leaving behind, as a locust does its shell, only the papier mache ladies on a tastefully lighted Bonwit Teller beach. Their lacquered smiles invite the passerby. How pleasant life is, they say, how can anyone feel dissatisfied with this world of yachts, glittering sand and planter's punch?

How can anyone, is right. The white sand is not red clay, the color of a blouse is not the color of blood, cries of splashing are not screams of a nightmare come to life. Bar Harbor is not Monroe, Georgia.

It is simple to be innocent of Georgia, which is so far away. Almost a thousand miles as the crow flies. It is simple even if you have no town house to close, but are just a man at a baseball game. You sit under the fine sun, cheering or groaning in what is called the American way. A fumble in center field is your tragic height. You do not expect anyone to tap you on the shoulder to tell you: get home, they took your wife out to the park and shot her. They hanged your brother on a tree in Brooklyn. Not here, no, not here.

It is *too* simple. Remember, even your parents warned you that distance deceives. You thought you heard German and it is English; one minute it looked like a swastika and suddenly it is three K's. You were reading about a mob in Alabama, and here they strike at Negroes running the gauntlet in New York's Sheridan Square. News travels in a flash, not by crows; fashion spreads from the planters' South like sheet lightning.

Don't let anyone tell you these things happened differently in Germany. Young men roamed the streets of Frankfort, Nuremberg and Munich, beating up Jews and political opponents, as they roam the streets of Columbia, Athens, New York and other cities, beating up Negroes, Jews and union organizers. Then most of them wore uniforms; now some of them wear nightgowns. It took a war to teach the storm troopers to use forks on people's eyes. A South Carolina policeman practices with his billy in the peaceful heat of the day. The little "incidents" in Hamburg and Essen became the horrors of Lidice, Dachau, Auschwitz. They were experiments of the German ruling class; in the test tubes of cities it learned which human fluids boiled and which congealed when subjected to words. Can we give less meaning to the events of Monroe and Freeport? Has the American press not tried to make us think that these were nothing but a fracas and a fight?

"Of course, I refused to pay more than the established black market ceiling."

Were the East Elbian Junkers more powerful than our Bourbon colonels? As the gold of Berlin sustained those vipers, so Wall Street bullion bolsters the cotton lords, the barons of white and black serfs. So long as the swamp of slavery is not drained, it will infect the world. The great oppressor is often forgotten when men are caught in a web of oppression; when they see only a boot ready to stamp on them, and when it seems to them that they can save their pride only through another's fear of them. So finance capital establishes its hierarchy of debasement, telling the overseer that he does not speak the same language as the worker, the white man that the Negro is beneath understanding, the American that his democracy has a unique tongue, the Christian that the Jew wears invisible horns.

A Prussian "philosopher" calls happiness, liberty, equality, the rights of man, "phantoms soaked with chaos." A former governor of South Carolina and United States Senator says, "God made man the Negro to be your servant." Rip away the trappings, and there stands monopoly braying. It is trying to get

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men to revive the Tower of Babel, with tiers for all ranks and a guarantee that no three of them will comprehend each other. It rules not by its strength but our weakness. Only, this tower will not last so long as the mythical one. Already the ruins of attempts to build it are spattered over the earth, bones mingled with finery.

It is not a moral matter. It is a matter of cold cash against human life. But it has its moral aspects, and some are full of peril. A fish starts rotting at the head, but the rest of the body does not escape. It would be naive to imagine that people are untouched by the ethics of the ruling class, that it has not very often succeeded in making them at least passive accomplices of its thoughts and its dealings. Otherwise there would be no black market, no rent swinishness, less of the thousand small signs by which an increased hardness of heart has become manifest. And men in Georgia would not bay after their own kind like their own hounds.

We must defeat this decay which pretends to be our fate and makes unknowing men carry out their great enemy's will. The enemy must be destroyed. We must uncover him, behind the deputized murderer, behind the bought judge and the sold-out Senator, behind the cruelty of men delirious with the fear of losing their place on a shaking ladder. Yet, to find him, these masks, too, must be peeled away. The lady on the beach will not help, and booing from the bleachers is not much use. Finance capital is no visiting team.

The mask and the face must both be crushed, the atrocious killer and the gentleman who suggests the rope he would not touch. We will not play this modern passion over again for the amusement of the elite—the flames, the shots, the flight, the chase, the mock trial, the guilty freed, the victim condemned.

Let honest men know for whose profit this torment is enacted. Let them deal with the elegant masters of this bestial command performance.

TACTICS FOR TENNESSEE

Primary lessons: "Boss Crump could have been—and still can be—beaten by a progressive coalition of labor, the Negro people and the farmers."

By KARL KORSTAD

There are 350,000 people in Memphis, Tennessee. The 9,000 who are at the top of the heap—the bankers, cotton brokers, managers, big merchants, etc.—swear by E. H. Crump, the aged, white-haired, self-centered political boss of the city and the state for the past thirty years. And there are another 9,000 citizens of Memphis, the city and county employes, who also speak of Boss Crump in the most flattering terms—at least publicly. The majority of them work actively as ward heelers and election officials lest they lose their boss' favor and with it their jobs.

These two groups together—the one with the money and the other with the manpower—form one of the most efficient and ruthless political machines in the country. On August 1 last, in the face of opposition from the state CIO, the mid-state farmers and the progressive Negroes, they rolled up one of the largest majorities in their history, which will return Kenneth McKellar, one of the nation's leading reactionaries, to his seat in the United States Senate.

This is how it worked. In Memphis, for instance, only 3,800 votes were counted for E. W. Carmack, the progressive newspaper editor from mid-Tennessee who opposed McKellar in the Democratic primary. Many more thousands votes were cast, and additional thousands would have been cast by the Negro people had they been allowed to mark their own ballots. Actually, thousands of Carmack votes were not counted and thousands of Negroes had their ballots marked for them by the bullying, machine-appointed election officials. True, the CIO had 125 watchers on duty at the polls, but many of them had been hurriedly instructed and where one or two of them did challenge the officials, they were immediately ejected by detectives on duty inside the polls.

And so Mr. Crump's machine, faced with an opposition for the first time in a long time, made certain of a larger majority than ever, as if to show the upstarts once and for all what happens in his plebiscites to those who are against him.

That's the story of what happened August 1 in Tennessee. But it's not all of the story, for Mr. Crump could have been beaten in spite of the fact that he had absolute control of the law and its agencies. He could have been—and he can still be—beaten by a well-planned, active coalition of the progressive labor, Negro, farmer, lower middle-class and professional elements in the state. The opposition which faced him in August was composed of most of these elements, but it was not homogeneous. The fault lies primarily with the best organized of these groups, the CIO.

In the first place, there was no *real* coalition. The CIO leaders did nothing to form any alliance with the progressive farmers in Tennessee's TVA counties. Thousands of farmers fell for the Crump-McKellar Red-baiting tactic. Hundreds of others, under the influence of the reactionary Farm Bureau, voted against their own best interests. An imaginative educational program, directed by the CIO, could forge such an alliance. The alliance is a natural one and must be forged if the machine is to be broken.

And in Memphis, where there are sixty to seventy thousand potential Negro voters, there was no mass Negro organization and no active coalition between the CIO forces and their other natural allies, the Negro people. Mr. Crump did much better in this phase of the campaign. His demagogic promises of better schools and his pressures on weak Negro civic leaders who accede to and participate in the control pattern brought him considerable Negro support. Lack of a realistic, close-working alliance between the Negro people and the CIO made it that much easier for Crump's henchmen to buy off Negro votes in their "office" in the rear of a

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Beale Avenue beer parlor. The most highly placed leaders of the CIO in Memphis, afraid to do anything which might open them to attack, hesitated to form an open coalition with the progressive Negro forces lest they be Negro-baited. While they delayed, Crump moved.

IN THE second place, the elections revealed a basic weakness of the CIO movement itself. It showed that there has been no real development of rank and file activity. It showed that although there may be 70,000 CIO dues payers in Tennessee, there are far fewer active and developed union members. As in the old AFL groups, most of the activity is in the union headquarters. And seemingly, there is little effort being made to include the rank and file in these activities. In Memphis, for example, although there are 30,000 union members, there has never been a single mass meeting in the history of the movement.

The result is just what could be expected—thousands of the CIO members stayed at home on election day while their leaders were being commended in the editorial pages of the phony liberal Scripps-Howard *Press Scimitar* for their "good sense" in not resorting to such "Communistic" practices as mass rallies. And until these leaders of the CIO come to the realization that operating a labor union these days is not just an "office job," the rank and file membership will continue to stay at home.

The third fundamental weakness in the CIO campaign was the fact that instead of going out months before the election and attempting to find qualified, progressive candidates, the CIO leaders waited until such candidates appeared.

As a result, they had only one candidate on the entire ticket—reducing any chance of forming a state-wide progressive coalition.

Any of these three serious defects could make the difference between victory and defeat. The CIO in Tennessee faltered in all four directions, and the result was that Crump won.

Today, only a few days after the election, there are many signs that such a coalition can and will be formed during the next two years. The GI's in Athens, Tennessee, showed the rest of the people in Tennessee what can be done. They turned out a machine as ruthless and as efficient as Crump's. They began with a broad coalition of forces, they got out the vote, and they made certain that the votes were counted as cast. That they eventually felt compelled to attack the county court house with guns and dynamite is mostly the fault of Attorney General Tom Clark. They had appealed to him; he did nothing. Perhaps he was too busy warning Americans about the "subversive" Communists to risk gaining the enmity of Kenneth McKellar, chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee, by sending federal agents into Athens to assure a fair election and an honest count.

THERE are other signs. At Memphis' fashionable Peabody Hotel, on the night of August 1, a meeting of the American Veterans Committee went on record welcoming into the organization sixty or more Negro members from the city's LeMoyne College. Many a young Southern veteran, native to Tennessee or Mississippi or Arkansas, rose to his feet that night and condemned segregation for what it is, a wall which holds back the flood of democracy in the South. And once in the campaign, when he spoke in Memphis just five days before election day, Carmack, McKellar's opponent, lashed out against those who put property rights above human rights in a way that told plainly of the nature of the struggle ahead. The audience was five hundred strong. Carmack was cheered to the rafters. For some, of course, Carmack's words were too strong and too straight. The "liberal" *Press-Scimitar*, which until then had been giving him and his supporters considerable news-space, the next day came out for Crump and McKellar. But the spirit of that meeting is far from dead.

And there is yet another sign of hope, a most important one. There is still another kind of election which can be held in the South where there is really a secret ballot and where the votes are always counted honestly. Such elections, conducted by federal agencies under the provisions of the National Labor Relations Act, are being held every day. One is scheduled for Oak Ridge, Tennessee, the last week in August. In many ways, what the 30,000 workers in Oak Ridge decide that day will be a portent of political development of greater significance than the August 1 election.

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SUMMER SOLSTICE

By BILL GILBERT

Days of rain, and afternoons
Of soft illusion. Noon is prisoner
Of bells and chimes, rationing hours
To anger starved for thunder.

Nights of rain, and evenings
Strung with cricket sounds.
Headlights are suns, until our hope
Is shattered on the wet macadam.

A thrush is singing in the dusk.
A train, long wailing,
Roars through endless night.
Fog nuzzles at the breast of mountains.

What was that song the thrush just sang?
Lyric without pattern—I know that song,
Defiant love from olive throats
Of women without lovers, country, husbands.

Why did the train resemble anger,
And the thrush, the hope of Spanish women?
Why do I tremble, hearing words of courage
Leap from lightning?—I heard those words
Released with bombs above St. Lo.

Summer thunder, and heat lightning,
The thrush, the throats, the train—
Cloud-burst of June—Magnetic memories
Deny that rain is ever wasted.

Lightning slashes bark from midnight!
Thunder rakes the spine of darkness!
The rain is alcohol, and I was waiting
With a Wurlitzer beside a window.
Free from dread, from fear of lightning,
The retina retains the snapshot lightning caught,
Of whirling trees, (they whirl but move not),
Casting old leaves and broken branches.

The years of dread, victorious years,
Are ground for golden ears, made rich with rain.
And sunlight, while we work, draws
Salt from shoulders in the oaken August mowing.

LOVE LETTER

By MIRIAM HERSHENSON

Dear comrade, whose children I cannot bear,
I hear all night how they cry in my pitiful ears.
I sit here and watch an old woman's wrist
For the moment when watching will fail
To induce the flow of her pulse to endure;
I sit by the window with one light in a lamp,
(The clothes line cuts the yielding sky)
And read, and enter tenuous lines in a book
And think of your thin face and inclusive smile.

Times are so bad, and you're so deep in the times
It seems an imposition to say I love you;
But I will not confuse you with hair
Tangled by moonlight, vague and unbound—
I will not confuse you:
Retreat with me in darkness if you must;
I will not press your hunger to the wall.

PAUL ROSENFELD: IN MEMORIAM

A critic with integrity, enemy of philistines, he championed all that was progressive in American writing, painting and music.

By ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

In his tribute to Alfred Stieglitz (New Masses, August 6, 1946) Paul Strand wrote that "though he himself would not have put it in those words" ("the artist is the engineer of the human soul"), "they describe the foundation stones of his faith for which he fought until he died."

This may be said as fittingly of Paul Rosenfeld, friend and associate of Stieglitz, who followed him in death, tragically, a week later. His last literary work was a memorial to Stieglitz. His death, interrupting an important new critical work on literary genres, came untimely in his fifty-sixth year and was a loss to American music, American painting and American writing, to all of which he had made important contributions, and in all of which he had been a helpful and encouraging force.

Rosenfeld began his work as a musical critic for the New York *Press*. Later he wrote articles for the *Dial*, *Musical Chronicle*, the *New Republic*, the *Nation* and other journals. He was co-editor of the shortlived but influential *Seven Arts Magazine* and the literary yearbook the *American Caravan*, and the author of a number of important books, among them *Port of New York*, *Men Seen*, *Musical Portraits* and *By Way of Art*. As critic and as editor, he devoted himself in a way matched only by the devotion of Stieglitz to an American culture that was forward-looking and unsubservient to the "market."

To some of his critics Paul Rosenfeld seemed to make a fetish of newness; to others he seemed to make a fetish of esthetics. Both charges were justified to the extent that he was more interested in the struggling and unknown artists than the established men; and more concerned with specific esthetic values than the whole so-

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cial scene of which these values were a part.

But his high regard for integrity and passion in art led him to an appreciation of the work of many composers, painters and writers who then were, or soon after became, identified with the Left.

TO UNDERSTAND the role of men like Paul Rosenfeld it will help to sketch in the social history from which their work sprang and which in turn it influenced.

In the years immediately before the First World War, the energies of progressive intellectuals in America were drawn, in varying degrees, into the progressive political movements of the time. This continued into the war. For example, as coeditor of the short-lived but influential magazine *Seven Arts*, Paul Rosenfeld was associated with the brilliant, Marxist-orientated, political essayist Randolph Bourne, the social-minded poet James Oppenheim, and the novelist Waldo Frank. He was one with them in persisting in publishing progressive and anti-war writing like that of John Reed. This persistence lost them the support of the wealthy backer of the magazine and forced its suspension.

The disillusionment of the postwar settlement diverted the energies of progressive intellectuals into other than political channels. Nevertheless, in these they exerted considerable influence for progress. They fought for the emancipation of women and for birth control and against the Puritan repression which was so often a pretext for political repression; and above all, they fought to set cultural values above the philistine and corrupted values of capitalism.

These struggles helped to prepare the way for the later advances of the New Deal. To mention only one aspect, the cultural projects of the WPA, which brought America its first examples of a social art in the theater, painting and music, would scarcely have been conceivable but for the agitation for cultural values and the preparatory experimenting that were the vital characteristics of the twenties.

In essence the critical work of the twenties and the social comment contained in the art of the period was an attack on capitalism on a new front, the cultural front. This offensive was not without its victories. Indeed there was a time when contempt of Babbitry, the word that has come to mean capitalist philistinism, was so general that every Babbit himself tended to walk humbly and to protest that the next capitalist, not he, was the Babbitt. There spread then, and still persists, a guilt consciousness in the American ruling class such as has characterized other ruling classes before major revolutions.

If this agitation took a cultural rather than a political turn, the reason does not lie altogether in the preoccupation with esthetics. In the nascent stage it was in, at the time, the political Left could hardly have attracted any large section of the intellectuals. The political Left was then obscured by a factional confusion hard even for the politically experienced to penetrate. It is significant that the unification of the Communist Party and the expulsion of Lovestone was followed by a new surge of intellectual interest in the Left.

In the hectic closing years of the Coolidge boom, its corruption seeped into intellectual circles. Success exercized its seductions, and Babbitt, in modernist trimmings, seemed to have justified himself. There was a peculiar compromise. On the surface Babbitt seemed to have yielded much. Women had the vote; sexual and other taboos had been lifted; the modern seemed to have triumphed in architecture, industrial design, the theater and other fields. These were gains enough, on the surface, for artists with a will to compromise, to rationalize a return compromise. The mutual compromise ended in what became the most hedonist and soulless period in American cultural history. But there were conscientious critics and artists who resisted; and conspicuous among them were Stieglitz and Rosenfeld. It was in those very years that Rosenfeld and his co-editors launched the literary yearbook the *American Caravan*.

THE carnival ended with the 1929 collapse. There was a period of confusion and apathy. And then sound American intellectual life reorganized itself around the political

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Left, while the phony soon exposed itself in renegacy.

There were, of course, reactionaries who took another turn; and a number of the fighters on the cultural front continued to consider it the main front and refused to move over to the political lines. While the reactionaries, particularly the misnamed "humanists," sought to counter the trend to the Left with an extremism of the Right that more and more took on a fascist character, men like Stieglitz and Rosenfeld continued their stubborn fight for cultural values.

Many of Paul Rosenfeld's former friends and associates turned to the Left, some, it was later seen, for questionable motives. Rosenfeld, though he remained aloof from them, accorded his respect for their ideals and did not withhold appreciation of their good work in the new field. And, as I can testify from remembered conversations, he held in contempt those who were, to him, double renegades, those who turned from the Left to scintillate for *Time-Life-Fortune, Readers' Digest* and the other renegade resorts.

His devotion to cultural values kept him unchangingly sensitive to capitalist corruption. One of the most withering attacks on capitalist taste that I have seen was his article on millionaire art collectors; and, in 1941, he sought to administer an antidote to the poisoning of American music then going on through the carefully inoculated fever over "democratic" little Finland. He wrote a devastating analysis of the politically inflated Finnish composer Sibelius, whose musical fog covered the concert halls and seeped out of every radio.

It was because of his devotion to cultural values that he recognized them in social art. I have already mentioned his action on John Reed, as co-editor of *Seven Arts*. As significant is the fact that the literary yearbooks, the *American Caravan*, of which he was co-editor with Van Wyck Brooks, Alfred Kreymborg and Lewis Mumford, has come to be considered a birthplace of proletarian writers.

In the first of its three issues, the *American Caravan* announced its intention to explore "new fields of reality" and to work for a "progressively broader expression of American life"; and it castigated the American press of that time for failure to serve those aims. The *American Caravan* fulfilled its promises by printing vigorous new writing. Some, like that of Mike Gold, was already recognizably "proletarian." Other work showed in its content a clear Left trend, the work of writers like Erskine Caldwell, Albert Halper, Matthew Josephson, Isidor Schneider, Guy Endore, William Rollins, Jr., Philip Stevenson, Alter Brody, Ben Maddow, Joseph Vogel and others. Rosenfeld was also one of the first and most devoted advocates of the work of Sherwood Anderson, a collection of whose work he recently completed for Houghton Mifflin.

In the other arts Rosenfeld held a similar place. In painting, as we have seen, he was associated with Stieglitz in forwarding American artists, among them men with social vision like Max Weber, Walkowitz and Paul Strand. But his strongest impact was in American music. He was the first, I believe, to bring forward the work of men like Copland, Blitzstein, Sessions and Roy Harris; and his help was not limited to appreciative criticism but to active aid in getting hearings for their work.

All this has been the public side of the man. Impressive as it is, it would be incomplete without a mention of the personal side in which he exerted a large influence difficult to record. There was not the customary division between his private and public life. In his friendships and in his recreation he continued the interests of his daily work. His friendship was free of the meanly competitive character too much present in New York cultural circles. He was unfailingly principled in his criticism; and his standards conditioned his friendships rather than the other way round. In his attitudes there was a fine and constant collective sense based on his feeling for the comradeship of art and the need for united action in establishing an American culture. These qualities drew artists to him and gave them, through association with him, new confidence and strength to challenge the "market." Thus, although like Stieglitz he would not have used the words, he acted, and strengthened others to act, on the principle that art has a social function and the artist a social responsibility.

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review and comment

WAR LEGEND

"Invincible reserves are moving toward us from the future." The deathless Soviet tank.

By MILLEN BRAND

CHARIOT OF WRATH, *by Leonid Leonov. Fischer.* $2.50.

A REVIEWER has always a difficult task, if he takes his work seriously. A novel is an effort to reproduce life with significance—it sacrifices something of the fullness of life to begin with, automatically. As the Russian critic, Chernishevsky, wrote: "In real life all happenings are true and correct, there are no oversights, none of that one-sided narrowness of vision which attaches to all human works." So the novel, with its gain of understanding, is also something less than reality. A review of a novel stands in the same way to a novel as the novel stands to life. It must lose something, but it has its own understanding and its own function, which is to guide the reader to the meaning of the work of art. As, it might be said, the work of art guides the reader to life itself.

A novel is a balance of the particular with the general, of the immediate with the universal. The novelist seldom reveals in his own words what the general meaning is. In one sense this general meaning is there absolutely, the writer has labored with more or less consciousness to put it there, and once all the words are down, the meaning is fixed. But the meaning also depends on readers, and so it is also relative. One reader, one reviewer, understands one thing, one another. Every published novelist has the experience of reviews which only vaguely sense the meaning, or what the writer was trying to do. The novelist is extraordinarily grateful to the reviewer or reader who penetrates closely to the heart of what he is doing and who sensitively and understandingly reveals much of it to others. Such reviewing has a creative function; it can do something not even the novelist can do. It can strip away the concrete element which is a constant part of the work of art, and reveal more of the general framework and universal meaning.

These thoughts, which may seem uncalled-for, come from a comparison of *Chariot of Wrath*, Leonid Leonov's newly-translated novel, with a review or notice of it that appeared in *International Literature*, No. 7, 1945.

International Literature carried on a heroic task of bringing an awareness of Russia and Russian writers to other countries during the war period. When, from bombed Moscow, on cheap paper, tied with a thin string, the copies came intermittently across the battle lines to America, nobody who received them could help having a sense of utter respect. It is against this background, and admitting a high level of work, of sincerity and genuineness, that any comment is made on the notice of Leonov's book.

It may still be asked whether the best purpose is served in giving a review that evaluates the book mainly as war patriotism or as tank activity—as the review does—or whether it would not be better to try to convey the book itself in its reality to the reader. That reality is a very great reality; Leonov is a leading writer who can be depended on to have the most emphatic values of his own.

The *International Literature* review tells the story: that of a tank crew of four members which makes a "dagger raid" in the final Russian drive across the Ukraine. The fact is, though, that this is only the story, not the action, and the action goes unmentioned.

Leonov's action shows the change that is taking place in Russia from the war. On one level, there is a rapid maturing of all kinds of people. On another level, there is a feeling of life having come to a period, a stop, to a line of demarcation after which life must become different and better. This action is particularly worked out through the experience of two men of the same name, Litovchenko: one is tank corps commander Litovchenko, and the other, entirely unrelated to him, is the young Vasia, untested tank driver of tank 203.

The *International Literature* review tells the facts—that Litovchenko commands the tank corps, that tank 203 becomes separated from the corps somewhere in the neighborhood of the fictitious Velikoshumsk, and that after the crew dig themselves out of a tank trap, they depart in the early morning mists on a dagger raid that aids considerably in the success of the commander's main operation.

But this is only the story.

It is vitally important to know that the action lying behind the story depends on the viewpoints of the two Litovchenkos. Leonov writes toward the end of the novel, " 'Drive slowly. . . . I must inspect everything,' Litovchenko said to his driver. The two Litovchenkos were now looking at one and the same thing, only one was looking from a distance, and the other from very close quarters."

THE veteran commander Litovchenko is shown, at the beginning of the novel, in the neighborhood of recaptured Velikoshumsk, which is his boyhood home town. He has in mind the imminent possibility of his reunion with an old elementary school teacher of his, Kulkov. Kulkov represents for him an assessor of values; in his mind Kulkov is the recognition and response of his local ground. Memory and love of place are concentrated on the teacher and the school, which stands for the beloved homeland itself. A school globe, dented by Litovchenko as a boy, is to be resurrected (it has been preserved for this homecoming)—it is in this concrete detail that Leonov shows his characteristic skill. As the commander approaches Velikoshumsk, he has two dreams of his actual meeting with Kulkov. These dreams follow a method that will be familiar to readers of Leonov's *Skutarevsky* and *Road to the Ocean*. The dreams rise out of reality, with the difference from reality unnoticed, so that the reader can enjoy or experience something (as if real) that could never really happen. Leonov

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says, I'll give you the experience, you want it as much as I, but then I must inform you that this is the beautiful or ideal experience that cannot be. The second dream comes when the commander is physically ill and troubled, and is darker and more realistic, but even this is not the truth. The truth comes with the final entry into Velikoshumsk (which has changed hands twice during the fighting), and that final truth is the moment of maturing and demarcation from the past. It takes only eleven minutes. "Haven't we done this quickly? And I thought even a week would not be enough. We must build something new, something completely new! This is where, technical assistant, the old ridiculous nineteenth century finished and a new quite different century began!" (Nobody should be thrown off by the commander's reference to the past as ridiculous. The word is a screen for his pain, for his acceptance of destruction.)

In the first dream, all is welcoming, all is soft and dear. In the second, the most hidden thoughts and hopes and convictions are tested. The reality is the final moment of facing the facts.

But something else is happening too, with the young namesake. Vasia has had a crucial experience. A German major swung a dead chicken at his mother. If the German had hit her, Vasia would have killed the German and been killed, but as the German did not actually hit the mother, the boy controlled himself under the mother's commanding look and saved his life. Later, miserable with hate and frustration (the major has gone and cannot be sought out and killed), the boy leaves his broken family, escapes through the German lines, and is returning with the tank corps as a novice driver. In his mind, the whole episode of the tank action around Velikoshumsk is symbolically (and even really) a pursuit of that single German. The other tankists have their own reasons for hate and for utter disregard for self, and all of them understand Vasia. They know his complicated story, they know of his brother and sister who are German labor prisoners, they know of his other brother, killed for helping guerrillas, and they feel for the boy when he is unable to explain it all to the commander (who gets the story from the boy's relatives later).

These are the two threads, these are the two lines leading to the final moment at burning Velikoshumsk, when Vasia matures as a fighter and the commander moves past the last remnant of illusion.

It may be regretted that nothing of this appears in *International Literature*, since all of it is so truly typical of Leonov's work. The final sentence of the review is, "Leonov has shown how the Soviet tankmen mastered their mighty weapon, how they learned to use all the possibilities it affords." The fact is (aside from the inadequacy of the statement) that tank 203 succeeded in its raid largely because of the quality of the men—"Here one should seek the reason why, until the very end, not a single one of the numerous hits that the tank received turned out to be fatal to her."

Leonov was not concerned with literal tank tactics or skills, though he gives them. He was concerned with one of the most important general phases of the war, in respect to the dagger raid. He was concerned with the quality the war had in creating legends, particular incidents which captured the imagination of the Soviet public. The raid is such an incident. It is treated pictorially and illuminatively with that quality in mind—there is even a complete disregard of suspense about the final fate of the tank. It is known well ahead that the tank is to be destroyed. Before he describes that battle Leonov writes, "The tank did not stay in this battle for very long, but it is for the sake of such numbered minutes that the architects do not sleep, that the steel-founders labor, and that our beloved women add years to their lives as they work at their machines." The extraordinary legendary quality of the raid is heightened by a long fairy story told by one of the crewmen before the final run starts (a typical Leonov tour de force): the crewmen become the hero confronting the twelve-headed dragon, and the interrupted action of the fairy tale (never finished) runs out into the flaming path of the tank's operation.

The book is written with all Leonov's skill, with all his thickness of texture, but with a cleaner line than usual. Here are the same powers of concentrating everything in a fragment, like the lost, leaping hare on the field of tank battle. Here is his unimpaired virtuosity: here the dialogue and scene of the dramatist, the flame of the poet, the working of a mind that unites a multitude of gleaming threads and colors into a single piece. The integrated emotion of the novel, with the focus of a poem, can be felt everywhere.

As to that moment of demarcation from the past, so important at this time of beginning peace (if it is that): in his dream of the school teacher, the commander hears the school teacher say, " 'How will history make up for the insoluble human torment caused by this war? How will it reward the toil of our contemporaries in their army coats? . . .' And Litovchenko answered with emotion as though this were a problem that had been given him to solve, thirty years before; and he knew that the old man would not be satisfied merely with an extensive report on future material benefits or an enumeration of the articles of the still not fully realized program." Kulkov's ruthless demand for an answer to his question is well worth the attention of those who accuse the Russians of being "mere materialists." Trying to answer, Litovchenko says, "Cast a glance backward—our fathers had a difficult life. Even when my grandfather Fadeich danced under the influence of drink, I fancied that he was kicking off unhappiness with his heavy boots. But the faith in truth that once knocked at the little window of the world has never abandoned the people. . . . Mortal man, who is frail, fancies that he lives on the edge of time; his pain veils his insight into the future. But when one of my tankmen, before an attack, smokes the cigarette he has made himself, he looks forward; and it is as though he held in his hand the newspaper of the twenty-first century. . . ." It is no wonder that the com-

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mander mentions "formidable energies" that must be kept from "the hands of evil men," and that he wants the victory of an "idea," and can say, "Invincible reserves are moving toward us from the future."

Such is the main action and meaning of the book. It is only fair to say that it also contains a remarkable depiction of the whole military operation, the top command interacting with the rank and file, that it shows the unity of the diverse Soviet peoples (the tankists of tank 203, as *International Literature* rightly points out, come each from a different region), and that it gives memorable expression to the hatred of fascism. But such qualities as these can be taken for granted in such a novel.

A final comment is in order. Whatever inadequacies may happen to exist in the *International Literature* notice are as nothing to the deliberate distortions that Leonov's work receives in the anti-Soviet reviewing circles of the American press. All the more reason to understand the work of a genuine socialist writer. It is time to read what a Leonov has to say, to appreciate his force, technique and humanity.

Iceland Story

INDEPENDENT PEOPLE, *by Halldor Laxness. Knopf.* $3.

"INDEPENDENT PEOPLE" is a peasant novel, but one of our own time. The author has none of the illusions that mar or date other would-be peasant epics. He does not rhapsodize over nature, calling it the source of health as against the mechanized city. Neither does he personify the evils of nature in the manner of ancient superstitions. In describing the struggle of his hero, Bjartur, for independence, he shows clearly that even more than against nature, it is a battle against the intangible network of mortgage and interest, the grip of monopoly and the disaster of fluctuating prices. He presents the history and myth of Iceland as part of the consciousness of its people. In making Bjartur a bard as well as peasant, he indicates his belief that the peasantry are the strength of the nation. But he does not exalt them unreasonably, or make any exaggerated show of pity for them. He dissects them with scientific thoroughness. It is through the bitterness of his irony against the merchants, large landowners and demagogic politicians who fleece the peasants that we can gauge the full extent of his sympathies.

This novel can be compared to a Greek tragedy, because of its differences as well as its similarities. As in the Greek drama, the hero lays the basis for his downfall in the very goal he sets for his life, and the violence of his struggle for independence makes his downfall all the more catastrophic. But the Greek idea of blind fate, or of tribal law personified in the god, is replaced by the law of our own time which makes the small land-holder an inevitable slave to the bank. Laxness is aware of Marx, as he is aware of the psychiatric basis of the chaos of hates and frustrations that arise in Bjartur's family life. His is a twentieth century mind. In fact, while reading this book, the work that comes most often to memory is Louis Aragon's *The Century Was Young*. Laxness uses his peasant hero as Aragon uses his middle-class intellectual to present a complete, critical devastation of the idea and possibility, in our times, of individualism.

The author's scope of thought is mirrored in his breadth of style. There is the realistic writing in which the picture of the bleak land itself fills the pages of the book. There is the adroit intertwining of realism with ancient Icelandic mythology, as in the passage describing Bjartur's struggle against a blizzard, which takes on the character of epic combat. "Never should it be said of Bjartur of Summerhouses that on the field of battle he turned his back on his foes to go and lie with a trollopy slut of a queen. He was in a passion now. He floundered madly about in the snow, till he had overcome all those feelings of the body that cry for rest and comfort, everything that argues for surrender and hearkens to the persuasion of fainthearted gods. When he had fought thus for some time, he stuck the frozen sausages inside his trousers and warmed them on his flesh, then gnawed them from his fist in the darkness of this relentless winter night and ate the driving snow as savoury." There is an imagery akin to folk poetry. "The old woman lived on in her own peculiar fashion, like a candle the Lord has forgotten to snuff." There is bloodletting satire, mocking the politicians and newspapers when they suddenly begin to praise the virtues of peasant life. What they are seeking is to get the peasants to extend themselves in the boom years, and so make themselves vulnerable for the crash.

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There is also a sensitive evocation of the mind of a child, and a harrowing revelation in the most subtle terms of the complicated family relationships that arise out of Bjartur's drive to own his land free of debt. For it is part of this book's power that long before it arrives at Bjartur's financial crash, it reveals the terrible price Bjartur has had to pay in the destruction of those nearest to him. His marriage starts under a cloud, for his wife, a servant girl, has been tampered with by her master's son. They must live on a monotonous diet of refuse fish and rye meal; not a penny must be unnecessarily spent until the mortgage is paid, and the wife goes almost mad in her craving for fresh meat. She dies in childbirth, alone, while Bjartur is hunting a ewe lost in a blizzard. His second wife battles for a cow, which to her is a symbol of family health. She prevails, but when crops fail, and either the cow or some of the money-producing sheep must go, Bjartur slaughters the cow. It is a blow from which the wife never recovers, and out of her agony is born the terrible, destructive hatred which the oldest son conceives for his father. The contrasting love his "daughter" bears for him is poisoned by his knowledge that she is really another man's bastard, and therefore a symbol of the class servitude he is battling to escape.

There is a constant irony pervading the book, as if the author were struggling to escape from being sucked into the anguish of his characters. It gives the book a final tone of scepticism, as if there were nothing the writer believed in. But the message of the book is clear. It is that a man cannot fight alone. He must have allies, whether he finds them in his class, or in those who share his goal. It must be a goal for all, not for himself alone. There is a hint of such a message in the end when, ruined and traveling to the last scrap of land he can call his own, Bjartur leaves his last remaining son to join with some strikers in the city. Bjartur himself will not join them, but he knows their enemy is his.

This book illuminates Iceland so well that no one who reads it will be able to think of this land in the same way as before. But problems are also similar the world over, and just because it digs so deeply into its own soil, the novel is an education to anyone who, whether working on the land or in the city, is trying to understand how real independence can be won in our times.

S. FINKELSTEIN.

Voice With Thunder

MAYAKOVSKY AND HIS POETRY, *compiled by Herbert Marshall. Transatlantic Arts, Inc.* $3.75.

"AT THE TOP OF MY VOICE" was the last poem Vladimir Mayakovsky finished before his death in 1930. He read it at a great celebration held in Moscow commemorating twenty years of his activity as a revolutionary poet—the last occasion on which he appeared in public.

My verse will reach
over the peaks of eras
far over the heads
of poets and governments

he read. It was no idle prophecy of the kind a poet can be forgiven in the name of poetic license. More than a decade later, in the midst of World War II, the Soviet entertainer Sergei Balashov, tells of reciting that poem to a group of men at the front. To reach their dugout he had to crawl on all fours across a road under fire. In the dugout conversation was being conducted in undertones to avoid attracting the attention of the Germans. "'How on earth will I be able to declaim Mayakovsky?' I wondered. The answer was

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not long in coming. 'For the first time in his life," said the commissar, acting as master of ceremonies, 'Sergei Balashov will recite Mayakovsky's poem, "At the Top of My Voice," in a whisper.'

"And I did."

The overwhelming popular esteem in which Mayakovsky is held in his own country is all but inconceivable to us in America, where most poetry of any pretensions beyond the level of the greeting card jingle has become a forgotten art for the great mass of the people. With but few exceptions—Vachel Lindsay in his time and Carl Sandburg, both of whom have recited their work in public—poets reach their almost infinitesimal audience through the medium of books—thin books printed in limited editions at high prices. For Mayakovsky the book was relatively unimportant. He wrote: "The work of the revolutionary poet does not stop at the book; meetings, speeches, front-line limericks, one-day agit-prop playlets, the living radio-voice and the slogan flashing by on the trams—are all equal and sometimes very valuable examples of poetry." Above all he was concerned to reach the widest possible audience and to reach it by any means available.

It is no accident then, but part of the poet's intention, that Mayakovsky's work—with the exception perhaps of the many poster-poems he wrote—is meant to be heard. Without a knowledge of Russian, one can only try to imagine what must be the appeal to the ear of these poems when they are read aloud. The difficulty for an audience which is used to receiving poetry only through the medium of the printed page is one of translation; unless the reader reads aloud to himself, he is almost certain to lose Mayakovsky's most characteristic values. For the English-speaking reader that difficulty of translation is greatly magnified, since it is just the auditory values—the sounds of words in combination and their rhythms, the metrical scheme and the rhymes—which are apt to be lost in converting the poems to English.

The present volume commands the respect due any translator who attempts to translate what is almost untranslatable. If the poems included do not always seem to come fully to life as English poems, one can only extend one's sympathy to Herbert Marshall, who certainly has succeeded as well as most other translators in conveying that sense of onrushing, torrential energy which was Mayakovsky's distinctive gift. He has, besides, translated a large and representative selection from Mayakovsky's output; until he set to work, only a few scattered poems had been done into English (many of the best of these are included in this compilation). Thus we have examples of all the important phases in Mayakovsky's development. The volume includes also a critical foreword, Mayakovsky's brief autobiography and a report of his speech at his twentieth anniversary exhibition, a review of N. Aseyev's poem "Mayakovsky Emerges," and an epilogue: "Mayakovsky and the Present War."

If poets are ever to win back the place once held by poetry as a popular art, the example of Mayakovsky must be studied. We have at last, in this book, the material for that study.

WALT MCELROY.

NAM's Farmhand

A FEW BRASS TACKS, *by Louis Bromfield. Harper & Brothers.* $2.75.

SINCE the collapse of the Populist movement, the farmers have been generally neglected in American literature. Aside from a few gifted works such as John Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath* or Ben Field's *Piper Tompkins*, most of the novels written about contemporary farm life have risen no higher than the fourth-class category. Even more neglected than the farmers are the sharecroppers in the South and the migratory farm workers whose heroic struggles certainly merit more attention than they have been given in our literature.

As an agrarian novelist, Louis Bromfield has distinguished himself by the quantity of his output rather than by its quality. He has written some twenty-one books, many of them dealing with farm subjects, and all of them have been dull, empty and mediocre. With the aid of Hollywood gag-writers, a few of them have been enlivened sufficiently so that they might pass as grade-B movies, and no doubt this has bolstered Bromfield's claim to speak as a literary representative of the farmers.

In *A Few Brass Tacks*, Bromfield puts aside his novels to present "the thinking aloud of one man who makes no pretension at being a specialist in economics nor at solving the problems of the world." After striking a pose as the foe of materialism and the machine age, this man of the earth sets off on

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a quest in search of his soul. Along the way, he first develops a lengthy attack against the OPA in which he obscures the inflationary role of the monopolists by falsely portraying the antagonism as one between farmers and workers. In a most obvious, genteel manner, he then Red-baits the CIO, PAC, and the Farmers Union.

Without any reference to ugly imperialism, Bromfield "solves" the problems of India and China. He advises the "political groups" in these countries to raise "agricultural purchasing power" instead of concentrating upon large-scale industrial development. It does not seem to have occurred to Bromfield that Chiang Kai-shek has no desire to industrialize China and that England has long thwarted the industrial development of India.

Finally, Bromfield unfolds his solution for world unity and peace, which is nothing more or less than an endorsement of the present Anglo-American alliance. He brazenly admits that "a certain amount of oppression and violence" will be required to force some unwilling peoples into this coalition and acknowledges that a "clash" would be "almost a certainty," but, according to Bromfield, world peace would be won by ridding the almost illiterate (sic) Russians of their "communist form of government" and substituting "western democracy" which he hails as "the luxury of rich nations."

Despite Bromfield's pretense that he is an independent, free-thinking intellectual probing "his very soul," all of his conclusions and prejudices are strikingly similar to those being put out under the mass production methods used by propagandists for the National Association of Manufacturers. To be sure, Bromfield professes to be somewhat in revolt against the machine, but unlike his Populist forbears, his revolt is no more than a mild case of irritation and his much-vaunted agrarian program turns out to be a eulogy of the decentralization scheme now being used by the Ford Motor Co. in producing its tractors. In one of his many attempts to refute Marx, Bromfield says, "What Marx did not foresee was the evils of installment plan buying," and, being a mystic, Bromfield finds it unnecessary to explain why installment buying should require a rewriting of all the laws of capitalist economy. Even a mystic intent upon espousing decentralization and refuting Marx must nevertheless be expected to recognize that Marx not only foresaw

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the arguments of the decentralizers but also answered those arguments by showing how part-time farming schemes are used to cut the real wages of industrial workers. Bromfield would have the reader believe that union leaders oppose decentralization because it makes the collection of dues more difficult.

The Squire of Malabar Farm, with his twenty-one books and 1,100 acres, is really nothing more than a farmhand for the NAM.

ROBERT DIGBY.

Insult to Injury

THE INTERNATIONAL LABOR MOVEMENT, *by John Price. Oxford University Press.* $4.50.

THE labor movement of Western Europe between the first and second world wars, particularly the history of the International Federation of Trade Unions and the Labor and Socialist International, constitutes the scope of this rather limited study. Mr. Price, the former secretary of the Political Research Education and International Department of the British Transport and General Workers' Union, is painfully eager to make the most of his material, but it is impossible to gild the tragic inadequacies of European Social Democracy with its minor achievements.

The LSI (or the Two-and-a-Half International) was born bankrupt from the remnants of the Second International. Its main aim was to counter the Comintern. The IFTU was likewise chiefly motivated by anti-Communism, and never achieved more than a shadowy existence. Both organizations served as centers of anti-Soviet intrigue and as sounding boards for anti-Communist slanders.

To the solution of two crises which faced international labor—the rise of fascism and World War II—neither organization made a positive contribution. Sections of the LSI were impotent in those cases where they did not actually betray the working class, as in Austria and Germany. The IFTU went through the motions of seeking cooperation with the Soviet trade unions, but inevitably managed to find some snag to a working relationship. The record is not a pretty one, but perhaps its errors can be instructive for the new World Federation of Trade Unions.

It would be noteworthy to record Mr. Price's understanding of the fail-

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ure of Social Democracy, but he seems not to grasp even the self-evident conclusions to which his facts point. He tells quite faithfully of the resolutions and actions proposed and adopted at congresses and conferences, and concludes cheerily that even though they did not meet the problem fully they were the only possible proposals that could be agreed upon by a majority. It is this constant retreat in the face of crisis, the endless search for a formula, the dismal double talk, the top-lofty attitude toward the working class that makes the history of Social Democracy so disgusting, and to dish it up almost without apology, as Mr. Price does here, adds insult to injury.

The international labor movement between the two wars is a highly important field for study, but it must be viewed as a whole, with adequate consideration of the theory and practice of the Comintern and the Red International of Labor Unions. By omitting the Communists Mr. Price robs his study of the rewarding contrasts that can be made between labor under progressive leadership and labor under the lieutenants of capitalism. Thus Mr. Price has written a narrow, sectarian book, and one that provides little or no enlightenment.

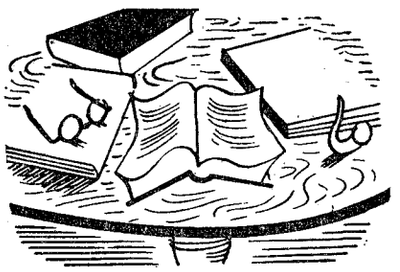
STEPHEN PEABODY.

Shostakovich's Ninth Symphony

A REPORT on a musical work based on one hearing, and a radio hearing at that, is always open to suspicion. This description of the Shostakovich Ninth Symphony, which was given a magnificent performance by the Boston Orchestra under Koussevitzky at the Tanglewood festival, is therefore offered with reservations.

The first movement is a most enjoyable one, developing a set of jolly themes in the form of a Haydn allegro. By this I don't mean that it sounds like old lace, for Haydn allegros are robust and complicated symphonic writing and so is this Shostakovich movement. The second and longest movement is a slow piece which creates a somber mood in its interweaving of woodwind and string melodies, but did not seem to me to cut emotionally very deep. There follow three short movements played without pause; a tuneful scherzo, an adagio much more moving than the preceding slow movement, and a simply constructed, boisterous finale which brought the house down.

The work seems to me to be in line with this composer's trend since his Fifth Symphony. He is not one of the great musical thinkers and groundbreakers of our time. In my opinion, he is surpassed in this respect by Prokofieff and Bartok. But he is one of the great popular figures in the music of our time, and in this form has made a contribution to world cultural life of which he can be proud. For popular musical writing has become, in this country, a thing to be regarded with contempt, because of the talent-stifling, standardized forms in which it has been forced by commercialization. Men of real talent have not been given an opportunity for growth. At the same time a group of hacks have taken up a mass production of so-called "light-classical" or symphonic popular music which steals unashamedly from every composer and puts its borrowings into a treacly texture. By contrast, Shostakovich employs the resources of symphonic form with a most complete technical knowledge and unhindered imagination. In so doing he has made music a most vivid and exciting experience to present-day audiences, as meaningful as a newspaper. He has educated great audiences through the compelling power of his writing, and opened the door for them to the full variety of contemporary music. He has restored to the concert hall, but on a vaster scale than ever before, the old excitement in which audiences came to concerts to hear new music, rather than to hear a familiar work given a new twist by some acrobatic performer. He has impelled many composers to seek means to make their music more understandable, and to seek growth through contact with living audiences. A true popular artist must have a touch of greatness, and Shostakovich has many such touches. What then, is his weakness? It is one of intensity, of failure to present fully the complex of emotions that make up human experience, of a tendency to use the same structural pattern many times over, with new melodic material. But in this Ninth Symphony the audience realized from the first notes that it was their music, as if the composer were saying, "Come, let's



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have some fun together, and perhaps talk about some serious matters as well." A good time was had by all.

S. FINKELSTEIN.

New Music on Records

IT IS a strange month in music which brings us Prokofieff writing "pure music" and Stravinsky working with folk song! The Prokofieff Sonata for Violin and Piano, Op. 94, is a chamber work. And like the craftsman that he is, Prokofieff has given this form appropriate music. There is none of the folk song or the pictorialism demanded by the heroic spectacle of *Alexander Nevsky*, or the stormy drama and shattering sound of the piano sonatas, keyed up to the public concert hall. Instead there is a subdued and relaxed music built on the clean interplay of melodic line and decorative figures. The first movement is sheer composer's magic, offering a group of austere melodies and with few and subtle changes giving them a haunting tenderness. There follows an airy scherzo, a short andante which decorates a sweet melody with playful arabesques, and a finale like an elaborate Mozart rondo, full of little dramatic passages and making heavy demands upon the violinist's fingers and bow. The music grows with each hearing and is given a superb reading in every respect by Joseph Szigeti assisted by Leonard Hambro (Columbia M-620).

It is astonishing how much Mahler's "Songs of a Wayfarer," for contralto and orchestra, sounds like a preview of his "Song of the Earth," which was written about twenty-five years later. As in all Mahler's work, melodic and orchestral ideas of the greatest charm are set in a framework of romantic melancholy, in which memories of the world of art seem to supplant experiences from life.

The performance introduces Miss Carol Brice, who has one of the most splendid contralto voices in America. It is a big voice which is always on pitch, moves evenly through the different registers, and is handled with fine sensitivity to musical line. What Miss Brice needs more than anything else, for her further development, is a chance to sing as a member of an opera repertory company. Such an experience can enlarge, as no other, a singer's personality, her power to project music to an audience, her mastery of varied musical styles. Unfortunately the company which dominates opera in America, the Metropolitan in New York, draws the color line. Over the past ten years this company has complained of a dearth of good singers, and boasted of its attention to Americans. Yet it has ignored Roland Hayes, Marian Anderson, Paul Robeson and Dorothy Maynor, who fit both categories but are on the other side of the line, and it will undoubtedly ignore Miss Brice, who has a better voice than any contralto now with the company. It is about time the city authorities and the Metropolitan public had something to say about this Jim Crow policy, which robs singers of a chance to grow and audiences of valuable musical experiences.

Getting back to the Mahler work, the orchestra is the Pittsburgh Symphony, excellently conducted by Fritz Reiner (Columbia X-267).

Igor Stravinsky's "Norwegian Moods" adopts Norwegian folk songs in the same spirit with which this composer, barren of lyric invention, has borrowed tunes from Tschaikowsky, Pergolesi and even Shostakovich. His setting of these tunes displays the economical harmonic and orchestral texture of which he is a supreme master, and under his own conducting of the New York Philharmonic, makes a delightful record (Columbia 12371-D). The Columbia company is to be congratulated for issuing three such unusual works in one month.

S. F.

the clearing house

HERE is an opportunity for budding playwrights: The Olga Shapiro Award of $500 will go to the playwright whose work is "on the side of the people" and which "speaks in terms of humanity." The judges are John Gassner, Margaret Webster, Kermit Bloomgarten. This is the second year of the annual award in memory of a woman whose life was dedicated to the fight for a just society. For further information write to the Olga Shapiro Award, 112 West 42nd Street, Suite 501, New York 18, N. Y.

Whitman Avenue story: a playgoer was standing in front of the Cort Theater waiting for a friend to join her inside when a woman with a decided Dixie accent stepped up to her and asked if Negroes and whites sat

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together. When told they do, the woman threw up her hands in horror. The girl was indignant. "If it weren't for people like you this play wouldn't have had to be written. Madam, for your own good, go in and see it!" During the performance, our correspondent took a sneak look at the Southerner—who was so busy crying she didn't seem to notice she was sitting next to a Negro. . . . Maxine Wood, author of the play, is filling a ream with a new play.

Among many new periodicals is *Ideas for Action*, published by a group of eminent social scientists, among whom are Gene Weltfish, anthropologist; Gardner Murphy, psychologist; the economists J. Raymond Walsh and Wilbert Moore, and sociologists E. Franklin Frazier and Bernhard J. Stern. The articles are short, clear and informative. Its purpose is to apply the findings of the social sciences to analysis of political and social problems. *Ideas for Action* encourages the publications of unions and progressive organizations to reprint these articles free of charge.

More and more young writers are realizing the need to band together for the most effective means of producing good work. The New Writing Foundation, 316 E. 61st Street, New York City, is setting up campus workshops at colleges throughout the country, and in trade unions and religious and cultural youth organizations. In September the organization is putting out two publications. *New Writing* will contain information on market sources and news from publishers' offices; *New Writing Quarterly* will be a showcase for short story writers and poets. Other plans include the launching of a Stephen Vincent Benet Memorial Poetry and a Theodore Dreiser Memorial Prose contest.

Notes on a broadcast: We sat in on Susan Anthony's program, "Woman's World" (WMCA), and heard Howard Fast being interviewed on his new book, *The American*. Fast, who compared the acts of the President at the time of the Haymarket Riot to President Truman's attempt to smash the present-day unions, and named names of reviewers who had attacked his book on political grounds, was asked by station officials to delete those statements when they went on the air. Shh, he was told, the FCC might be listening. Anyway, it was good to hear Fast tell labor's story to hundreds of thousands of listeners. RUTH STARR.

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